

Together®

MARCH, 1969

IN THIS ISSUE

When Hearts Are Changed
Scouting Targets the Ghetto
Denver's Metro Mission



America students in India (see pages 34-38)



Gold chrysanthemums, thorns like those on the shrub that is the source of myrrh, an incense burner: these speak symbolically of the gifts of the Magi during Epiphany. Violet, or purple, as seen in these Lenten flowers, is Lent's liturgical color.

ALTAR FLOWERS

...these are more than decoration



Red, for fire, Christian zeal, and the work and ministry of the church, is used throughout Pentecost in celebration of the gift of the Holy Spirit to the disciples. Green, used during Kingdomtide, signifies life, hope, and growth.

FROM THE EARLY Christian Era the Christian calendar has been divided into seasons: Advent, Christmastide, Epiphany, Lent, Eastertide, and Pentecost. And in 1937 Kingdomtide was added. The year's first half, from Advent through Eastertide, deals with God's revelation to man through the life of Jesus. The second half, beginning with Pentecost and continuing through Kingdomtide, concerns man's response to this revelation, a time for Christian instruction and growth in discipleship. Most Protestant denominations today observe these liturgical seasons in varying degrees. The pro-

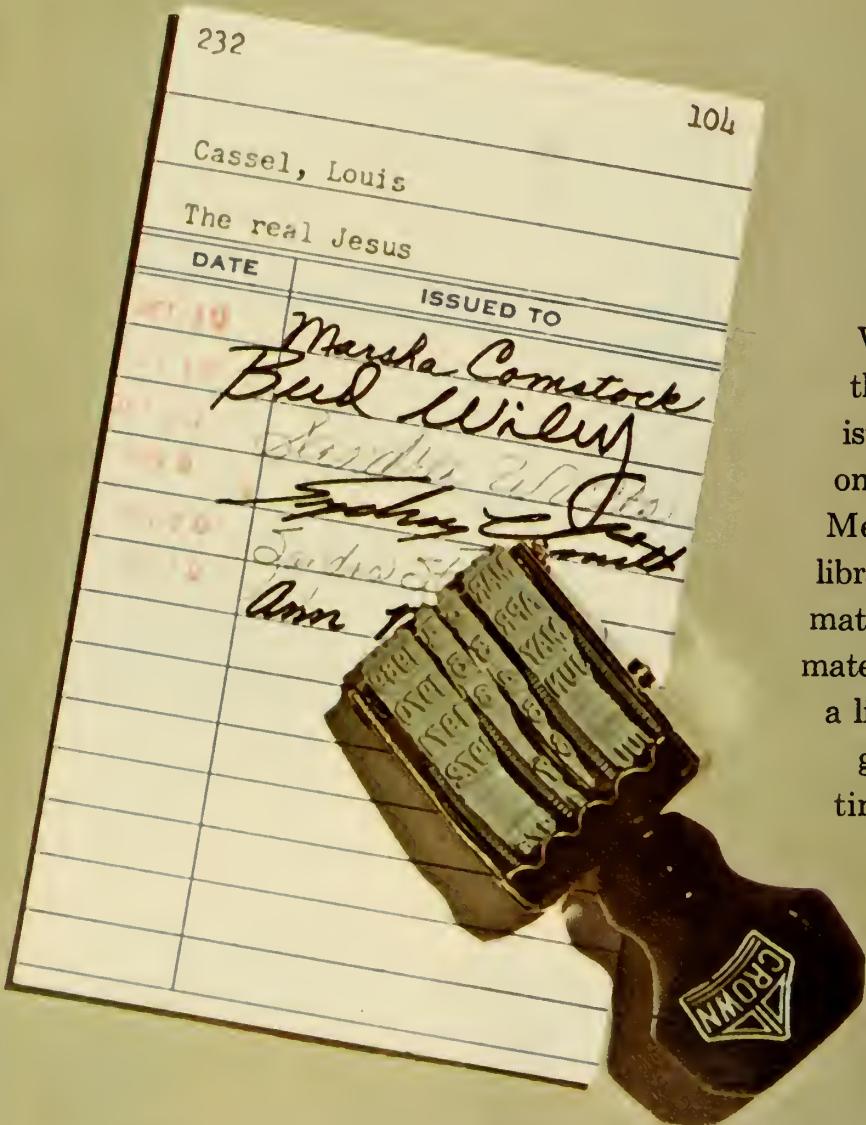
gression gives us an orderly guide for teaching and worship, and ensures the witness of the whole gospel.

Although lilies are commonly associated with Easter and poinsettias with Christmas, there is no liturgical tradition for use of flowers as there is for colors. Certain flowers, however, because of their color, shape, or association with biblical events, can bring meaningful symbolism to worship services. Arrangements like these by Jack Inman for "Floral Art in the Church" (Abingdon Press, \$6.95) show how such flowers "speak" age-old religious truths.

—HELEN JOHNSON

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Together® / March 1969

IN THIS ISSUE

Together



After-Hour Jottings . . . For centuries, India has conjured up images of mystery and romance to peoples of the Western world—explorers like Marco Polo, silks, spices, jewels, and other rare goods, not to mention strange and adventuresome tales. Our own limited impressions of India we owe to the works of Rudyard Kipling and movies starring *Sabu*, the elephant boy.

In recent times, India has projected other, less appealing images: a parched land wracked by crop-killing droughts, a thirsty land and a starving people, a nation hard hit by disease and death in overcrowded cities like Calcutta; an ancient civilization moving rapidly into a modern age—where oxcarts and jetliners serve the same airports.

To this land of paradoxes last fall came the sophomore class of Callison College, Stockton, Calif., to spend a full academic year of study. Some of the students are seen on this month's cover as the attendees.

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JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 3)

tive audience for a folk dance performance by a group of brightly costumed youngsters in the village of Byrapura near Bangalore, where the Callison class has a campus 8,000 miles from home. You will meet some of them and share their experience in 'Toward a Greater Understanding' [page 34].

Dr. Larry A. Jackson, provost at Callison and one of our contributors last November, says the decision to have the entire second-year class spend the year in a non-Western culture sprang from the obvious need for Americans to become more aware of the cultural wealth of Asia, Latin America, Africa, and Slavic Europe. An ardent advocate of international education, Dr. Jackson was a student-center director at the University of Munich, Germany, earlier in his career; and from 1959-64 he was director of Santiago College, a Methodist-founded private school in Chile.

Dr. Jackson confirms that the overseas curriculum is demanding and adds: "We hope that the year abroad will serve as a catalyst which will enable the students to return to the Stockton campus to build a major in the area of their vocational interest in their junior and senior years." He doesn't say so, but it is not altogether unthinkable that some of the young people may be inspired to return to India or another foreign land as missionaries.

The passing of February and Down With Picket Fences! [page 41] reminds us that United Methodism and Scouting are not exactly strangers. A look at Boy Scout statistics alone shows that United Methodist churches represent the second largest sponsoring group (behind the PTA) of packs, troops, and posts. They sponsor about 10 percent of the nation's more than 153,000 Boy Scout units.

In researching the article on the Scouting movement's awakening social conscience, Associate Editor Martha (Marti) Lane found that Camp Fire Girls, Inc., has conducted major research of special interest to Christian leaders who are committed to working in the inner city or in rural areas of economic and social deprivation. She mentions two published reports in particular: *Innovation and Imagination for Youth*, and *Creative Adaptation to Change*. Both are available from Camp Fire Girl national headquarters, 65 Worth Street, New York, N.Y. 10013. Mention Mrs. Alice H. Smolens when you write.

Our writer was herself once a Camp Fire Girl (and before that, a Blue Bird) back in her home community of Frog Pond, Oreg. (about 25 miles south of Portland). But she was forced to drop out of both, she explains, because of

after-school responsibilities—as chief milkmaid for her father's 45-head dairy herd.

Most every parent has known the uneasy pang of concern about all that time being spent at "that other house"—a feeling Betty L. Routh of Anaheim, Calif., describes so well in *Roger's House* [see page 46].

A veteran housewife married to a professor-photographer, Mrs. Routh is a fledgling freelance writer who promised to split the proceeds of her first sale to a major magazine with her son. So in December, she tucked half of her payment from *TOGETHER* in a Christmas card (after taking off the top tenth "for others") and sent it to her son, now a second-year student at the University of Hawaii. "He will be so proud of me," Mrs. Routh predicted, "until he learns that the article is an intimate 'exposure' of him!"

Our mention in January of the first *People Called Methodists* family prompted a note from reader Mrs. Ellis F. Gardner of Costa Mesa, Calif., who sent along a Christmas newsletter she had received from *TOGETHER*'s 1958 "Family of the Year." A decade ago, we pictured Jim and Dorothy Detweiler of Burbank, Calif., (more recently of "soot-it-to-me" fame) with Richie, 11, Jeanie, 15, and Doug, 17.

The 1968 Christmas report: Jim received his 25-year pin from Lockheed Aircraft Corp., and was honored on retiring after nine years as president of *Burbank Beautiful*. Wife Dorothy is studying creative writing and boning up for a trip to the South Pacific where son Rick and his wife Carol are Peace Corps volunteers in Micronesia. Jeanie, married to a high-school teacher near Long Beach area, is the mother of two.

The entire clan drove more than 3,200 nonstop miles to Boston last year to attend the wedding of Doug. Recently graduated from Harvard graduate school of business, he now is a corporation executive and resides two blocks from sister Jeanie and her husband, Jim Larson. They both are within 45 minutes of Mom and Dad Detweiler.

It seems that families that appear together in *TOGETHER* stay together.

—Your Editors



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The Conciliar Movement: Ecumenism's Advance Front

FOR ITS theme song, even if only temporarily, the ecumenical movement might want to consider *The Ayes of Texas*.

A chain of "aye" votes last year by Lone Star staters led directly to deaths of the Texas Council of Churches and the Texas Catholic Conference and, in their places, the world's first body created by and for Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Orthodox.

Even though the eyes of the ecumenical world will be on the constituting assembly of the Texas Conference of Churches February 24-25 in Austin, Texas, the Texas move is only one of many changing the face of ecumenism today. The changes come often, though seldom without months or years of planning. And some of the changes make predictions or hopes of only three or four years ago look grossly understated.

United Methodist participation in these changes varies, but the denomination makes itself noticed. In Texas, for example, Dallas-Fort Worth Area United Methodist Bishop W. Kenneth Pope will serve as president over the Texas Council of Churches' final assembly and is the president-designate of the successor body which will unite some 40 Protestant judicatories, 10 Roman Catholic dioceses, and a Greek Orthodox Church archdiocesan unit.

Bishop Pope is given credit, along with Catholic bishops of Dallas-Fort Worth, San Antonio, and Houston, for prodding and pulling the state's churchmen until Christian unity reached new and unprecedented breadth. Next effort will be for involvement by the major conservative evangelical bodies.

Prepared for NCC Death

One realizes the scope of ecumenism's changes when he notes some recent words of the National Council of Churches (NCC) general secretary. Dr. R. H. Edwin Espy told a Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) executives' meeting in St. Louis that he was prepared to see the NCC die if necessary to meet new demands of "inclusiveness." "Die," of course, is what the Texas Council of Churches



Catholic-Protestant relations are discussed by the first three Catholics elected to the National Council of Churches staff and (second right) NCC General Secretary R. H. Edwin Espy. From left: Father Edmund Delaney, Sister Ann Patrick Ware, and Father David J. Bowman.

and Catholic Conference voted to do.

Dr. Espy also called for openness to increasing ecumenicity in churches more conservative than those normally associated with the unity movement. "A particular phenomenon that we do not consider sufficiently in ecumenical circles," he said, "is that many of the conservative bodies are beginning to seek co-operation, at least with one another . . . [Their] drive for separateness is beginning to yield to both theological and pragmatic considerations as they face the same revolutionary world that is confronted by the rest of the church."

Pragmatism shone through another of Dr. Espy's comments when he said the ecumenical movement needs "to provide a framework within which the Negro churches can express more adequately their ecumenical impulses and realize their own highest destiny."

Dr. Espy listed the following priorities in ecumenism during the next decade—flexibility and mobility, power to perform ministry on behalf of churches, better financial support, and a vision encompassing all Christians rather than a limited segment.

Unity, Suffering Foreseen

Another ecumenist seer, Dr. Harold E. Fey, recently predicted one third of United States Protestantism will be muted before 1999 and said the church in that 30-year period will undergo "suffering and tribulation."

Dr. Fey, former editor of *The Christian Century* ecumenical weekly magazine and professor emeritus at Christian Theological Seminary in Indianapolis, said the way to unity is being shown by the Consultation on Church Union (COCU). This involves nine Protestant denominations, including United Methodism.

The Disciples of Christ editor-professor also foresaw strong Protestant-Roman Catholic co-operation but with likelihood that "forces of obstruction" in both branches of Christendom will cause disruption and suffering. He said difficulties will arise because the church cannot avoid challenging repression of the poor and expanding militarization at home and abroad.

Two-Year Study Ends

United Methodist attention to the changing face of ecumenism is timely

now with a two-year church-wide study of Christian unity having ended only recently. A chief resource in that study was the study book *That the World May Believe*, by Dr. Albert C. Outler. Another part of that study saw the Women's Division, Board of Missions, step up publicity and interpretation of COCU in its literature and publications.

A glance along the ecumenical horizon shows changes in the face of ecumenism at world, national, state, and local levels. Current developments include:

World: The Joint Working Group of the World Council of Churches and the Roman Catholic Church was given official status by both parents last summer following its organization in June, 1967. Delegates to the WCC's Fourth Assembly in Uppsala, Sweden, adopted a report saying they were confident that group will continue to bring "deeper unity to the ecumenical movement." Possibility of Catholic membership in the WCC was spurred by an assembly address by Father Roberto Tucci of Rome, and Pope Paul sent a message affirming the "mutual intention" of both "to continue and extend the collaboration which already exists."

The question of Catholic membership in the WCC is too big, though, to remain long below the surface. WCC staff member Tatiana Athanasiadis explored it in a recent publication of the WCC's press service. After noting "the question of numbers" as a real obstacle because Roman Catholicism has almost as many members as all WCC churches, the writer said Roman Catholics would not necessarily always vote as a bloc within the WCC and added: "It is equally possible that they would sometimes differ completely from one another and that some Roman delegates might agree more often with their 'separated' rather than their 'united' brethren."

Joint Catholic-WCC efforts in Biafran relief offer only one example of how the two are co-operating without organic union.

National: When the National Council of Churches recently promoted the first nun on its staff, new attention was called to Sister Ann Patrick Ware and the two priests who serve with her on the NCC's Division of Christian Unity. At about that same time the Medieval Mission Sisters, a Philadelphia-based order, became the first Roman Catholic religious community affiliated with the NCC.

From the United Methodist viewpoint, again it was the Board of Missions which made one of the biggest recent ripples. The board announced last spring it would consider

Have Texans Set the Pattern?

APATTERN for the larger ecumenical movement" is how United Methodist Bishop W. Kenneth Pope of the Dallas-Fort Worth Area describes the upcoming Texas Conference of Churches.

Bishop Pope, as 1968-69 president of the Texas Council of Churches, has accepted the nominating committee's invitation to be the Texas Conference of Churches' first president. He is scheduled to be succeeded in 1970, also at the nominating committee's request, by Roman Catholic Bishop John L. Morkovsky of the Galveston-Houston Diocese.

Bishop Pope told **TOGETHER**: "This is not the result of a dying organization or a dying movement here in Texas necessarily. We've made great strides here in ecumenicity as they have all over the world, but we feel that this may be a pattern for the larger ecumenical movement which quite frankly

and accept Roman Catholics for missionary service overseas if they met usual standards. World Division officials pointed out that professionally trained Roman Catholics long have been employed by many United Methodist institutions and many attend United Methodist seminaries.

On the question of Catholic membership in the National Council of Churches, again Dr. Espy is a quotable source. To the same Disciples of Christ gathering which he alerted for openness to conservative evangelicals, he said, "We needn't insist on the concept that the Roman Catholic Church is joining the National Council. It may be that the present members of the council, the Catholic Church, and other churches will join together in a new, more inclusive federation or council of the ecumenically committed churches of the United States."

State: While creation of the Texas Conference of Churches is the biggest present change in the face of ecumenism at the state level, it is not alone. Dr. Harold Kilpatrick, Texas Council of Churches executive director, said many other state councils had asked for information on the steps Texans were taking, and he predicted Texas would become a model for similar

is very much needed now.

"I think there is a yawning response to the conventional ecumenical efforts being put on today, nationally and internationally . . .

"The goals of ecumenicity of getting everybody to say it alike, think it alike, do it alike are unrealistic. What we must do now is get on a more effective path of getting people together who say it differently and do it differently.

"In other words, we are making liturgy and order second to fellowship in action and service. And this, to me, is what it seems that the Texas Conference of Churches is doing . . .

"I predict that this will be not only the local—for it is a practical grass-roots ecumenical possibility—but that it will also be a national pattern. I think this is what the United States needs now as a movement to keep alive and to furnish some practical reality to ecumenicity . . . the existence of fellowship must not wait on the essence of fellowship, though they are related." □



ecumenical moves in other states.

Minnesota could be one of the first. A consultation of 70 Minnesota Protestant and Roman Catholic leaders recommended in early December that a single instrument for ecumenical service be established in their state. Integration of Minnesota, Great Minneapolis, and St. Paul Area Councils of Churches is already in process through the Twin Cities Metropolitan Church Commission.

Minnesota also is the state where United Methodists can recall the words of their recently retired bishop T. Otto Nall. Addressing annual conference members last July, Bishop Nall warned that recent Methodist-Evangelical United Brethren unions should not be permitted to dampen United Methodist interest in wide ecumenical contacts "including Roman Catholics."

Also in December the Louisiana State Council of Churches voted to change its name to the Louisiana Interchurch Conference, an action aimed at replacing itself with a state-wide organization to include Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Orthodox churches. A new, broader ecumenical structure is envisaged by 1970. With United Methodist Bishop Aubrey G.

She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

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Walton of New Orleans as its president, the Louisiana Interchurch Conference planned such actions as local formation of interchurch units, training in lay and clergy work with prisoners and former prisoners from Louisiana penal institutions, and instruction in ministry to the aged.

Local: Dr. Espy recently acknowledged that Roman Catholic membership on the diocesan level in state and urban councils of churches "has been so widespread that it is difficult to keep abreast of it." Nevertheless he estimated Catholic parishes and/or dioceses in some 40 cities have become church council members.

In a move aimed at eventual Roman Catholic membership, the word "Protestant" was dropped effective January 1 from the name of the Protestant Council of the City of New York. Now it is the Council of Churches of the City of New York.

Ecumenists in more than one city admit quickly that a name change can be more of a barrier-remover than one might suspect. Evangelical-church spokesmen, for example, have told more than one local-level ecumenist that the mere phrase "council of churches" carries offensive connotations to their people. One of the first cities in which this was solved was Kansas City, Mo. There the name is the Metropolitan Inter-Church Agency (MICA). There's another significant difference too. MICA membership is by jurisdictions rather than by local churches. Thus the Kansas City Association of Southern Baptists holds MICA membership, overcoming the traditional nonmembership by individual Southern Baptist churches in councils of churches.

Fully Ecumenical Parish

Kansas City is also the locale of a different kind of change in the face of ecumenism. It has the nation's first fully ecumenical local parish. Known simply as St. Mark's with its new \$400,000 structure in a low-rent, predominantly Negro area, it has a United Church of Christ minister as co-ordinator, a Presbyterian directing pastoral activities, a Benedictine directing social and community programs, and an Episcopal priest supervising education. Catholic mass is celebrated at 9 a.m. each Sunday, and a Protestant service follows at 11. United Presbyterians, the United Church of Christ, and Episcopalians put up money for the building.

At the convenient political divisions of world, national, state, and local levels, then, one can see or foresee continuing changes in the face of ecumenism. This particular glance across the horizon has concentrated

particularly on *structural* changes among ecumenists.

This by no means sums up or accurately suggests all present or coming changes in ecumenism. One could just as easily report, as Dr. Espy recently did, on such other aspects of the ecumenical revolution as the growing number of ecumenical institutes, living-room dialogues initiated by the National Council, the annual Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, participation by Christians in one another's celebrations, including pulpit exchanges and, without official Roman

Catholic sanction, intercommunion. There are also the seven official Roman Catholic dialogue groups meeting in the U.S. with Protestant and Orthodox counterparts, including United Methodists.

Ecumenism's greatest progress, though, is being made today in the area of conciliar association. In affirmation of Christian commonalities and aims, even to the death of some organizations and the creation of others, the "ayes"—as Texas churchmen recently proved—have it.

—JOHN A. LOVELACE

OVERHAUL NEEDED IN MISSIONARY RECRUITMENT

Extremism, school decentralization, and hiring practices of radio and television stations are examples of current issues drawing United Methodist attention through the denomination's Board of Missions.

But the board's own expert in personnel recruitment recently warned the board that it must overhaul its recruitment policies.

Dr. John W. Johannaber said the United Methodist missionary program must give more evidence of racial inclusiveness, provide more opportunities for alternate service by conscientious objectors, and find more ways to use people who "want to do their own thing."

Executive secretary of the board's Joint Committee on Missionary Personnel, Dr. Johannaber said the roster of both career and special-term persons is racially too homogenous. He said the percentage of minority group representatives on missionary and deaconess rolls does not measure up to their proportion in the 11-million-member denomination.

He also reported that an increasing number of conscientious objectors are turning to the board to find alternate service to military obligations. (After release of Dr. Johannaber's report to the Board of Missions, the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee was told that the new United Methodist Voluntary Service, under Board of Missions National Division supervision, has received approval as an alternate service to the federal draft.)

He said conscientious objectors are serving as special-term missionaries at home (U.S.-2s) and overseas (3s) and as employed workers in home-mission institutions. But he told the board it must ask, "Are we providing the most adequate channels for utilizing the manpower potential of [these] men?"

On his final point Dr. Johannaber asked, "Can the board support in mission a man committed to doing his

thing? How much conformity to ecclesiastical discipline, to acceptable theological statement, to conventional middle-class life style must be required?"

He said some students "are men and women of deep compassion and have a profound sense of responsibility for and involvement with the life of all humanity . . . Theirs is a prophetic stance, albeit called revolutionary. Do we stone our prophets or do we facilitate and support them in their thing?"

The board's Office of Missionary Personnel, in its 1969 announcement of missionary personnel needs, echoed but enlarged on Dr. Johannaber's points.

"The missionary," said the personnel office, "must be well qualified professionally, emotionally, and spiritually; he must be able to do well his 'thing,' and to develop the other person for service and leadership."

The board's call for missionaries and deaconesses ranged from traditional continuing needs such as teachers, pastors, doctors, and agriculturists to a community-center group worker in the Watts area of Los Angeles, a construction-maintenance worker in Sierra Leone, and a counselor for hippie communities in India and Nepal. Openings were available in the United States and 24 other countries, mostly for career workers.

While the search goes on for qualified workers, other projects carried the United Methodist missions force into several areas.

The Board of Missions Women's Division launched a nationwide research project on extremism and made preliminary plans for a national conference on the same topic. Information and resources on extremism, including a bibliography, were to be mailed to local-church Women's Society of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guild leaders.

Attention was given this after the

Are you letting the new law tighten your minister's belt?



Last year a Social Security change was made that went unnoticed by most laymen. Yet its impact will permanently affect most ministers.

From now on the option of being under Social Security is taken away. Now all ministers (except those whose conscience forbids it) will pay the Social Security tax. And those who were already covered had their payments increased—with a "tax bite" that goes much deeper than it does for employed laymen. That's because Social Security regulations designate ministers as "self employed" persons. As such, they are required to pay two-thirds of the total tax. "Employees", on the other hand, pay only one-half of the tax, with their employers picking up the other half.

Let's take a minister earning \$7,500 a year. The 1968 tax rate is 6.4% of his salary or \$480.00. A \$7500 corporation employee, for example, would pay only 4.4% or \$330. In 1969, the tax rate for ministers goes up to 6.9%.

This then becomes a drastic pay reduction for some ministers and an increasingly severe drop even for those who have been on the Social Security program—coming at a time when living costs are climbing.

If you feel that your minister should be earning more, not less, than he formerly did, it would be perfectly correct to express your concern to a Pastoral Relations Committee Member or to one of the Church Trustees.



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Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your local church officials are available on request.

Women's Division heard one of its staff executives, Miss Peggy Billings, say, "We face another upsurge of extremism, though the churches have been attacked, with greater or lesser intensity, by organized extremist groups for many years . . . Now we want to discover where in the churches the problem lies and to provide new resources that will assist United Methodist women most effectively."

The Women's Division also was one of three United Methodist agencies whose leaders joined other Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish officials to form the Interreligious Committee for Community Control of Schools. Reacting primarily to New York City school woes, the group announced as one objective "actions to persuade the New York Legislature . . . to establish decentralization and full community controls for the schools of New York City." Other United Methodist agencies in this effort are the New York Annual Conference and the Metropolitan Urban Service Training Facility.

Still another missions unit, the National Division, filed a letter with the Federal Communications Commission urging the FCC to issue a rule banning discrimination in hiring practices of television and radio stations. The division thus joined 18 other religious, civil-rights, labor, and civic organizations, plus some Congressmen, in supporting a United Church of Christ petition for the rule.

Night-a-Week Challenge Issued for Renewal

For their "emphasis within an emphasis" United Methodists have been challenged to give at least one night a week for the next four years to church renewal and ministry.

That is one local-church aspect of a Quadrennial Emphasis Program which reaches out to include \$2 million for Viet Nam rehabilitation after hostilities end there and other national and global priorities, some yet undesignated.

A model adopted by the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee calls the local church "the vital scene of action," then proposes:

- One night a month in a study seminar on books dealing with major concerns of the day.
- Two nights a month devoted to guild-type groups for action and involvement.
- A fourth night a month concentrating on "meditation, contemplation and prayer," focused on the Sermon on the Mount, Bible study emphasis for 1968-72.

Also beamed at local-church involvement was a series of dinners in

mid-February at which a hoped-for million churchmen would meet "to express and demonstrate the role of the church in the contemporary crisis as an agent of reconciliation." The denomination's \$20 million four-year Fund for Reconciliation was emphasized as one means of fulfilling this goal.

One-third of the fund has been pledged or accepted by episcopal areas, the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee was told. But the committee also learned that supplies of promotional materials for the four-year emphasis had been virtually exhausted, with more materials ordered.

With those two indicators in hand, the committee approved a set of guidelines for use of the fund proposed earlier by the Council of Bishops. In addition to the \$2 million for Viet Nam rebuilding, these include \$1.5 million for United Methodist Voluntary Service (also referred to as a United Methodist peace-corps type program), and \$700,000 for the new Commission on Religion and Race.

Also established were procedures for screening requests for allocations from the \$10 million national portion of the Fund for Reconciliation. These will go through a subcommittee, then to the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee for recommendation of final action by the Council of Bishops.

Youth was featured in two items cleared by the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee.

The committee okayed a process for selecting and training Voluntary Service recruits that is expected to make

maximum use of experiences by similar programs both inside and outside the church and to use existing denominational facilities wherever possible. It also was announced that the Voluntary Service program has received approval as an alternate service for conscientious objectors to the military draft.

The committee also endorsed a call from its youth members for a confrontation between youth and "leadership of the church." An open letter given to committeemen by youth members said, "In our frustration we, at times, honestly feel that someday we, too, may have to leave the church unless something is done. So will you please listen to us before we have to leave?"

Exact plans to arrange the "confrontation" were not announced.

The committee's next meeting will be July 1-2 at Dayton, Ohio.

Protestants to Issue First Released-Time Courses

A unique curriculum for ecumenical, released-time Christian education will be issued March 1 by the National Council of Churches.

Four major subjects are dealt with: history, science, society, and the "self." A fifth concerns the Christian gospel and other faiths on the American scene. Textbooks, published by the Co-operative Publication Association, can be purchased through denominational bookstores.

The new through-the-week curriculum will enable public-school



Religious relief agencies, by siding with Biafra and aiding its refugees, are prolonging the Biafran-Nigerian War, charged Nigeria's Ambassador to the United Nations, Edwin Ogebe Oghu (left). The ambassador's charge was made in a confrontation with a Roman Catholic missionary active in Biafra relief, Father Dermot Doran (right), on CBS Radio's The World of Religion program. CBS Correspondent Robert Schakne (center) was moderator. Father Doran insisted that the only interest of the religious relief agencies is in saving lives on both sides.

1969 METHODIST TOURS

students from Christian homes to relate what they have learned in their daily classes to theological issues. It is the first total (grades 1-12) Protestant attempt to deal ecumenically with separation of religion and public-school education.

United Methodists in several communities throughout the United States already are participating in released-time classes in Christian education. In Bennington, Vt., United Methodists have joined with Roman Catholic, Episcopal, United Church of Christ, and Church of God congregations to form the Bennington Religious Education Foundation.

Under a plan unanimously approved in Bennington by Mount Anthony Union High School directors, students will be released periodically as schedules permit to take religion courses. Taught by area clergy and a Josephite sister employed part time by the foundation, courses cover beliefs and traditions of participating churches, science and religion, religion and literature, Jewish-Christian dialogue, and issues of conscience (sex, marriage, civil rights, war and peace, alcohol and drugs).

In Bardstown, Ky., 11th and 12th-grade students last fall became eligible for released-time training offered through all the town's Protestant churches. Courses are taught one hour each week.

Church-Wide Surveys Planned By Study Commissions

Wide-ranging surveys will help at least two of four United Methodist study commissions do their work.

Both the Structure Study Commission and the Social Principles Study Commission will seek opinions of United Methodists at all levels in formulating their recommendations to the 1972 General Conference.

The Rev. Dow Kirkpatrick of Evanston, Ill., noted that his commission had been instructed to "study thoroughly the board and agency structure." The commission plans to conduct hearings across the nation at which any person may make his views known. It also will consult general-board executives and presidents and make a special mail contact with heads of annual-conference delegations to General Conference and with bishops.

First consultations with general-board personnel were scheduled for February and March with the open hearings and other steps in the data-gathering process to come after the consultations.

Dr. Kirkpatrick added that members of the commission welcome mail

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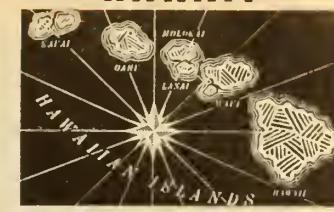
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READ TOGETHER magazine or any journal of Christian concern and you will find articles on alcoholism, conditions in mental hospitals, divorce laws and child-ens-tidy rights, law and order, drug use, new and different religions, black extremism and injustice for blacks, the legal and moral problems of heart transplants, draft protest and evasion, and perhaps even witchcraft and pagan rites.

You expect such subjects to be treated in the pages of a responsible Christian periodical. Such a lexicon of concerns is also appropriate grist for a local-church youth or adult education program, and it belongs in seminary social ethics curricula.

Surprise! The list above did not come from any of these sources. These are the subjects of recent programs on the ABC-TV network series *Judd for the Defense*.

Few if any ongoing TV series in recent years have made a sufficient claim upon me to disrupt my evening schedule. This one does. If you are missing it, you are missing a lot. Here the central issues of our day are being treated in a challenging, imaginative, and skillful format designed to involve the viewer and stimulate his own thinking. Producer Harold Gast says, "When something happens that has a vital bearing on what's going on in our society, we get to work on it."

On occasions, the writing in this series has been so believable that a script anticipated incidents that subsequently occurred and made the newspapers. A case in point was *Transplant*, a story of criminal charges brought against a physician for taking the heart of a donor before he was legally dead.

When too much of network television is aimed at a puerile level, it is a blessed event to find a series aimed at adults that is not afraid to tackle tough problems and to do so without pandering to the audience (no pratfalls or phony dialogue thrown in for audience effect), or shying away for fear of adverse reactions from viewers who

disagree. These programs have a point of view, and on occasion that has resulted in a flood of mail from remonstrators. Better a program that disturbs than tranquilizes.

In the days of Perry Mason, I would have given a lot to see Hamilton Berger win just one case. To date, I have not seen Judd lose any, but several programs have ended with the outcome in doubt. That is some gain. At least acquittal is not automatic. Further, these programs are not completely locked into courtroom histrionics.

Be it noted that not every show is about a socially significant subject and of those that are, not all come off completely. Even so, I would have to rate this as the best all-around series on the air.

Many of us mourned the passing of *Eastside*, *Westside*, *The Defenders*, and *Slattery's People*. Here is a series in the same tradition which in my opinion is as good as its predecessors. If this program appeals to you, why not say so to your local ABC affiliate, the network, and the sponsors.

Also, this month, look for:

February 18, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*National Geographic Special: Australia: Timeless Land*.

February 20, 7:30-8 p.m., EST on CBS—*He's Your Dog, Charlie Brown*.

February 23, 1:30-2:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Children's Film Festival: Doggie and Three*.

February 23, March 2, March 16, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Experiment in Television*.

February 25, 9:30-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*CBS Playhouse: The Experiment*.

February 28 (check local listing for time) on NBC—*Prudential's On Stage*.

March 2, 1:30-2:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Children's Film Festival: Adventure in the Hopfields*.

March 4, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*Undersea World Special: Treasure*.

March 16, 8-9 p.m., EST on ABC—*Carol Channing and Pearl Bailey on Broadway*.

March 17, 9-11 p.m., EST on ABC—*Three Young Americans in Search of Survival: research on environment and ecology*. □

ideas related to the study and said all such views will receive careful consideration before final recommendations are prepared three years from now.

The commission on social principles also is hoping to hear from all possible United Methodists in order to survey a wide spectrum of belief and interest. This commission will develop a new statement replacing the Social Creed of the former Methodist Church and the Basic Beliefs Regarding Social Issues from the former Evangelical United Brethren Church.

The commission expressed the hope that the new statement would speak to the church of the future as well as the present by setting a "basic rationale for the church's involvement in social problems and action" with provision for positions on specific topics.

Two other commissions are working on doctrine and doctrinal standards for the new denomination and on settling property rights with former EUB churches which elected to remain outside United Methodism.

'Night Call' Program Saved By Outside Grants

Night Call, the popular national call-in radio program, has been granted a reprieve from imminent death by two grants totalling \$40,000.

The program, produced by the United Methodist Division of Television, Radio and Film Communication (TRAFCO), has been assured continued life with the help of a \$25,000 grant from the United Church of Christ and a \$15,000 grant from the Episcopal Church.

Nelson Price, assistant general secretary of TRAFCO and executive producer of *Night Call*, said the program, heard on more than 85 stations from coast to coast and including most major metropolitan areas, would have been terminated without the grants.

"This support," he added, "has given us additional time to secure industry and foundation grants."

Originating from New York City, *Night Call* is heard live, Monday through Friday, at 11:30 p.m. EST.

Philanthropy 'Hall' Cites Attorney, Physician

The United Methodist Hall of Fame in Philanthropy has added two laymen, Francis M. Hughes of Indianapolis, Ind., and Dr. Carroll H. Long of Johnson City, Tenn.

Mr. Hughes, son of the late Methodist Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, has practiced law in Indianapolis since graduation from the University

of Michigan in 1934 and is a past-president of the Indianapolis Bar Association.

His selection for the Hall of Fame is in recognition of years of service to Methodist Hospital of Indiana in Indianapolis, including four years as president of the board of trustees. During these years the two largest contributions ever made to the hospital were received—one for \$3 million and the other for \$800,000.



Mr. Hughes



Dr. Long

Dr. Long, a physician who has been a member of First United Methodist Church in Johnson City since early youth, is being recognized for his service to church-related health and welfare ministries through the Holston Conference Board of Hospitals and Homes.

Elected a member of the board in 1950, Dr. Long immediately was made chairman and served in this capacity eight years. During this time the work of the conference's child-care program was expanded and modernized, work was started on a home for the retired, and the Oak Ridge (Tenn.) Hospital of The Methodist Church became a reality. The institutions have a combined property valuation of more than \$5 million.

He also has helped develop conference support for a hospital in Yadgari, India, and in 1966 served for a time in a missionary project in Alaska. Dr. Long has been active in educational fields, also.

43 More Workers Needed For Viet Nam Relief

Vietnam Christian Service (VCS), the ecumenical agency through which United Methodists channel relief efforts, needs to recruit 43 more workers during the first six months of 1969.

The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) and other Protestant relief agencies were asked to provide the workers for VCS. Fourteen United Methodists now are on the VCS staff of 47 foreign workers, aided by 107 Vietnamese.

Needed are social workers, community-development workers, agriculturists, doctors, nurses, physiotherapists,

public-health nurses, vocational-training workers, office personnel, a mechanic, and an information services officer. VCS emphasized that these workers are needed now. In case of a ceasefire, an additional 100-150 would be needed for relief work in areas now listed as war zones.

Black Methodists Plan Second Annual Meet

United Methodism's black-power group will hold its second annual conference at Gammon Theological Seminary in Atlanta, Ga., February 20-23.

Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR), a group of more than 600 black clergy and laymen, expects to develop techniques and strategies to deal with the role of the black Christian in the church today.

The Rev. James M. Lawson, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., chairman of BMCR, said this year's meeting will focus on what the "style of black Christians should be for a world like ours," and what the gospel says about the "whole business of black awareness" in the social revolution.

Gallup Reports Americans Believe, Stay at Home

Although 98 percent of Americans say they believe in God, only 43 percent attend church on Sundays, according to recent Gallup polls.

One poll asked: Which of the following do you believe in: Life after death? The devil? Hell? God?

A striking difference exists between stated religious beliefs of Americans and those of people in other countries surveyed. The Gallup organization concluded that Americans have maintained religious beliefs strongly held two decades ago while a dramatic shift has taken place in European nations.

More than 50 percent of respondents in eight countries do not believe in the devil or in hell, while in the United States more than 60 percent do hold such beliefs. In Sweden, only 17 percent of those polled believe in the existence of hell.

Europeans and Americans are more similar in degree of belief in God. Greece is a close second to the United States with 96 percent of those polled believing in God. The lowest percentage again came from Sweden where 60 percent believe. In Norway 15 percent of those polled had no opinion about the existence of God.

The United States had the highest percentage in every category but one—existence of the devil. Greece led with 67 percent. The United States was next with 60 percent. Percentages



Small rural chapels or large city churches—all who desire more creative, symbolic uses of floral materials in the church—may adapt these ideas to their needs. Eighty-four artistic arrangements, described in detail and illustrated in color and in black and white, follow the sequence of the Christian year and special days and services. See second cover and page 1 in this magazine.

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then drop sharply to Uruguay, where only 45 percent of the people believe in the devil, with France at 17 percent in last place.

In a separate poll, Gallup, Inc., found that 43 percent of Americans attend church on Sundays. This represents a drop of 2 percent from 1967. It is well below the peak figure of 49 percent in 1958, but is higher than the 1940 figure of 37 percent. Most of the decline is due to nonattendance by young adults.

Americans attend church more faithfully than adults in 11 other nations. The percentage is lowest in Scandinavian countries. In Finland only 5 percent of adults attend church.

Many factors seem to influence church attendance, Gallup reported. The higher the education, the greater the probability of church attendance. Forty-seven percent of those who went to college attend church, while only 43 percent of those with a high-school education and 41 percent of those with a grammar-school education attend.

Smaller towns have a poorer attendance record than larger cities, and of the four geographical regions of the United States the East is the highest with 46 percent and the West lowest with 32 percent.

Race is not a significant point of difference, but sex and money are. Forty-eight percent of women attend church, as compared with 39 percent of men. Families with incomes over \$7,000 registered an attendance of 45 percent.

Along denominational lines, Catholic attendance is 65 percent; Lutherans and Baptists, 38 percent; Presbyterians, 36 percent; Methodists, 35 percent; Episcopalians, 34 percent.

Dialogue Group Accepts Catholic Secrecy Bid

When United Methodists and Roman Catholics hold the sixth session in their series of dialogues April 28-30 in Columbus, Ohio, there probably will be less news released than from the first five talks.

A national Catholic newspaper quoted host Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, who also heads the United Methodist delegation, as saying his group accepted the news curtailment suggested by the U.S. Catholic bishops' ecumenical committee. The curtailment was accepted during United Methodist-Catholic conversations last October in San Antonio, Texas, and United Methodist Information, the denomination's news agency, issued only a one-page release from there.

The National Catholic Reporter

said spokesmen for Episcopalian, Lutheran, and Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) dialogue groups rejected the suggested news embargo. The newspaper also reported it was not known if Presbyterian, Orthodox, and American Baptist groups conducting talks with Catholics had discussed the Catholic bishops' suggestion since it was issued in September.

According to the Kansas City newspaper, the bishops suggested that news releases after ecumenical talks should say only that a meeting took place, who participated, and what the general topic of discussion was.

Property Accord Reached With Former EUBs

More than half of the 78 former Evangelical United Brethren congregations which chose to remain outside The United Methodist Church have made property settlements with the new denomination.

Forty-six congregations agreed to pay the Pacific Northwest Conference \$690,266 for property worth almost \$4 million. Negotiations are underway with 7 other congregations in Oregon and Washington and 24 in Montana. One Oregon church forfeited its property without negotiation.

Uniting Conference last April continued the former EUB Commission on Unity to resolve problems with dissident EUB congregations. Laws of all three denominations—the two which merged and the one created—specify that a congregation which withdraws from the denomination forfeits its property rights to the denomination.

The dissident congregations organized the Evangelical Church of North

America the day after they formally withdrew from United Methodism last June. They have nearly 11,000 members. Differences in doctrine, standards, and practice were cited as reasons for their withdrawal.

Church-Owned University To Reexamine Ties

American University, a 76-year-old institution in Washington, D.C., will reexamine its relationship to United Methodism.

This statement came from Dr. George H. Williams, recently inaugurated as the school's ninth president.

"This university will maintain a relationship with The United Methodist Church," he said, "but the nature of our relationship must be reexamined in view of our diverse and versatile constituencies. We must understand that, although we are and wish to be a national Methodist university, we are and must be a university first and foremost . . ."

An official agency of The United Methodist Church, American University is the only school owned by General Conference, though it also receives financing from other sources.

Dr. Williams, an Episcopal layman, urged the university to be an innovator, to regain the offensive, and to become more deeply involved in the city of Washington in order to "provide a unique educational experience."

"We do not understand the crushing problems of this city," he went on. "We do little to learn about them and we do less to help alleviate them. Washington is the laboratory for national and international affairs. But many of us fail to utilize it or contribute to it . . ."

United Methodists in the News

Silvino Encarnacion, a former tailor from Manila, and his schoolteacher wife, Rosario, both active Methodists, have won the coveted Ramon Magsaysay \$10,000 Award for community service for their initiation of a credit union in their home village.

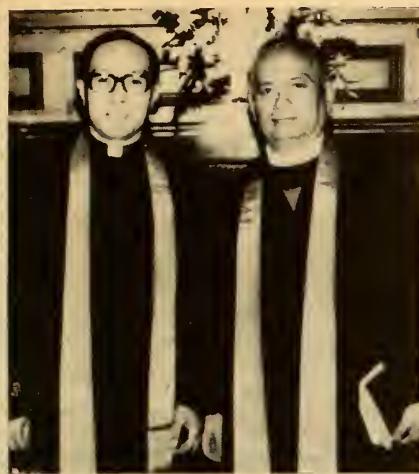
Dr. Claire C. Hoyt, general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Pensions, has been elected vice-president of the Church Pensions Conference, made up of representatives of 27 U.S. and Canada religious bodies.

A gold medal from the National Institute of Social Science for distinguished service to humanity was presented to Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, minister emeritus of Christ Church, United Methodist, in New York.

Six persons who accepted *The Christian Century's* invitation to become editors-at-large included Dr. F. Thomas Trotter, dean of United Methodist-related School of Theology at Claremont, Calif.

The Rev. Efrain Santiago, pastor of United Methodist Wesleyan Church in San Juan, Puerto Rico, has been appointed head of the commonwealth's Social Services Department, a new cabinet-level agency. He began his new duties in January.

DEATHS: The Rev. Edwin F. Tewksbury, 59, executive secretary, Interboard Committee on Missionary Education . . . Harold Chandler Mickey, 60, executive, Rochester (Minn.) Methodist Hospital.



United Methodists in the Philippines recently elected two bishops to serve the 131,000-member church. Bishop Paul Locke Granadosin (left), former superintendent of the Manila District, was assigned to the Baguio Area including populous Luzon Island north of Manila. Bishop Cornelio M. Ferrer, former executive for the National Christian Council of the Philippines, will serve the Manila Area which also includes the Visayan Islands and Mindanao. They were elected to four-year terms. Both new bishops are former Methodist Crusade Scholars.

Leaders View Alternatives For World Structures

Five consultations in February and March are giving United Methodist leaders glimpses of structural alternatives facing world Methodism.

The five sessions on jurisdictional levels and a world congress in 1970 were authorized by last spring's Uniting Conference. Methodist conferences outside the United States took similar looks at world structure options during 1964-68.

The Commission on the Structure of Methodism Overseas (COSMOS) is leading the consultations and planning the world congress. COSMOS president Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., of the New Jersey Area said, "It seems evident that the world structure we now have in United Methodism is not a viable one for mission and for mature relationships between churches. We are seeking creative new structures that will provide freedom, integrity, and fellowship."

Dates and places for the jurisdictional consultations:

Northeastern—February 11-12, Philadelphia, Pa.

South Central—February 20-21, Dallas, Texas.

Western—February 25-26, Hollywood, Calif.

North Central—March 13-14, Chicago, Ill.

Southeastern—March 19-20, Atlanta, Ga.

Each consultation is expected to study these alternatives already considered by COSMOS: A world Methodist church, a world conference of Methodist churches, a world Methodist council, possibly changed from the present council, or other possibilities.

Hospital Turns Motel Into Nurses' Home

A modern, rambling two-story motor inn in Omaha, Nebr., is being converted into a nurses' residence and educational center for nearby Nebraska Methodist Hospital.

Worship services for hospital employees, training programs for school of nursing instructors, and in-residence study sessions for student nurses are among planned uses of the center.

Health Service Established At New Mexico Center

A health service for northern New Mexico has been established jointly by McCurdy School and Espanola Hospital, two institutions at the United Methodist mission center at Espanola-Santa Cruz.

The mission, which includes the hospital, 4 schools, and 11 churches, serves a largely Spanish-speaking constituency principally in Rio Arriba, Taos, Santa Fe, and Los Alamos Counties. The service area comprises about 10,500 square miles and has an estimated population of 44,000.

Espanola-Santa Cruz was one of the three largest national mission projects of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church. Now it is a major project of the National Division of the Board of Missions of The United Methodist Church.

CENTURY CLUB

Three women have been added to TOGETHER's Century Club this month. New members are:

Mrs. Minnie James, 100, Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Mrs. Mary Kent Ellis, 100, Kentwood, La.

Mrs. Anna Carolina Reinhard, 100, Hanford, Calif.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where he or she is a member, and its location.



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Seeing It Like It Is

By RALPH M. OTWELL
Managing Editor, Chicago Sun-Times

IN MY WORK as a newspaperman, I see many reminders of the close parallels between churchmen and communicators, between theology and journalism, between ministers and editors. This point was underscored recently in my own paper with the appearance of two major stories the same day—one on the report of the Chicago Study Team to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence (the so-called Walker Report), the other on the financial boycott of a large suburban United Methodist church by some of its own members.

The two stories called to mind anew the duality of religion and journalism which are implicit in the words of Hans Schultz, a lay theologian, who is in charge of religious broadcasting for a German radio network. In his book, *Conversion to the World*, he says:

"The Church is in reality nothing if it is not a vehicle of communication. This communication will get under way and will go on taking place if, and only if, we are prepared to share our life in true fellowship with other men. This is the work of evangelism, work which today is not primarily that of one profession but of each one of us in our profession."

True religion, Schultz maintains, calls for a readiness to ask questions rather than "an attitude of knowing all the answers." That also is the mission of the journalist, even if it is not always so evident on the editorial page. The hallmarks of religion, says Schultz, are "accuracy and reliability rather than vagueness and easy comfort." That also could serve as a creed for reporters and editors.

The two newspaper stories illustrate the common problems shared by the church and the press in fulfilling their parallel mission of holding up a mirror to society and saying, in effect: "Take a good look at yourself . . . and then decide whether you like what you see."

If that image of society is unfavorable or unsettling, the reaction often is to claim that the mirror—the medium of communication—is distorted. Some even try to smash the mirror in an effort to eliminate the distortion.

Precisely this sort of response was addressed at mass media after the violence that broke out in conjunction with last year's Democratic National Convention. Surveys showed that a

majority of the American public simply refused to believe what they saw on television and in their newspapers. Even after trained investigators confirmed and documented what really happened, many persist in their disbelief about the actual causes of violence and still blame communications media—the mirrors of society—for the trouble which erupted.

This is the same problem that plagues churches when their ministers and leaders begin telling it like it is. Many members look into the mirror the church holds up and don't like what they see. Some respond by calling the image a distortion—and blaming the church for it—or by adding their own distortions and seeing not how it is but how it was or how they wish it were and can never be.

Just as a newspaper's constituents may retaliate by cancelling their subscriptions or ads, some church members respond by cancelling their pledges and contributions. That is the story of the one large church that made headlines and of many others as well. And it is a story likely to be repeated all across the land in the months ahead, in churches large and small, rural and urban.

Economic boycotts of this sort are a painful reminder that those of us in communications—whether in mass media or in the church—have become too vulnerable to this sort of power play. Our immense physical plants make us sitting ducks for depledging and de-subscribing.

We have set ourselves up for such retaliation by becoming overcapitalized and under-committed. We have cultivated and developed shaky and temporal pillars of the church—and of society—when we should have built instead on the basic, original foundations of our faith and mission.

We have erected an edifice that cannot stand without the pillars, and yet cannot be moved with them in place.

Unless we can free these two communications institutions to perform their proper function as agents of enlightenment and social change, the only alternative may be storefront churches and back-room printing presses . . . Christian guerrillas and underground journalists . . . stripped-down missionaries and fired-up pamphleteers. □

Sparked by United Methodist leadership, an innovative ecumenical team of pastors and laymen in Colorado's capital is building bridges—between denominations, between city and suburb, between church and society. But they're in a hurry to act, while Denver's problems are still manageable.



TARGET: DENVER

Text by **Paige Carlin** / Pictures by **George P. Miller**

LIVE, WORK, and play in clean, healthful, progressive Denver."

So said a "positions available" advertisement in a nationally circulated newspaper one day last fall. By this time, no doubt, the Denver printing company which placed the ad has hired the salesman it wanted, and he has moved wife, children, pets, and belongings to take advantage of the mile-high city's "clean, healthful, progressive" attributes (as well as a guaranteed \$12,000 first-year salary).

Their move was hardly unique. Since 1950 some 175,000 other people have done the same thing, swelling the Denver metropolitan area's population to

almost 1,100,000—well over half of Colorado's 2,048,000 people—with 510,000 in the city itself.

Denverites are proud of their city's growth. Like other cities, though, Denver has found that while a booming population means booming business, more jobs, new construction, and greater national prestige, it also means more problems. As the city's outer limits have expanded and its suburbs have grown, the old core city has changed. Modern new business buildings have risen in the downtown district, and sleek new apartments have replaced old residences. But not all areas of the city have changed for the better. Some once prosperous neighborhoods simply have decayed.

By comparison with other metropolises, Denver is clean, its air less polluted. And poverty areas there have a way of not looking like ghettos elsewhere. But for those who live in them, poverty in the shadows of Colorado's spectacular Rocky Mountains is just as real and just as painful as in a New York tenement or an Appalachian shanty.

Far removed from the racial troubles of Detroit, Chicago, and Philadelphia in the 1940s and '50s, Denver discovered with a start in the 1960s that it, too, had race problems. Once docile Mexican-Americans, now numbering perhaps 80,000 as the city's largest ethnic minority, began to make demands for better jobs, housing, status, and a voice in civic life. And from what was once a tiny enclave in the old Five Points area near downtown Denver, a rapidly growing Negro minority (now about 48,000), has expanded eastward into the fashionable Park Hill section, and black-power militants have become increasingly vocal.

Fortunately, because Denver isn't as large as some other cities and because its problems have been late in developing, its leaders see hope that it is not too late to correct many of the troublesome conditions which seem beyond control in a New York or a Los Angeles. "We have every major problem of urban America," says one observer, "but it's in microcosm. The problems here haven't multiplied the way they have in other places."

Fortunately, too, Denver's "progressive" elements include some visionary leadership, not the least of which is found among its churchmen. United Methodists, both clergy and lay, play key roles.

It is difficult—and a little presumptuous—for an outside observer to spend a few days in Denver and expect to comprehend all that is going on in the ferment of activity which is part of the churchmen's "Metro Mission" strategy. One tends to look for organizational structures and lines of authority to understand how things get done. It's an elusive search. The structures are there, all right, but they often overlap, involve duplications of personnel, and crisscross denominational lines with abandon. (The strategy, above all, is ecumenical.) Impatient with some past organizational patterns, the Denverites have started many of their projects on a more or less ad hoc basis, seeking first to get the church into the action and stopping later to draw up the organizational flow charts.

They have been encouraged in their experimentation by Bishop R. Marvin Stuart, episcopal head of United Methodism's Denver Area since 1964. On his assignment to Denver in 1964, Bishop Stuart told Denver Methodists: "We have the opportunity to make the church relevant to the total city, but it must be soon. If you try it, I'll back you in any creative or experimental ministry possible. We are not afraid of failure. We may fail and fall on our faces—but if we do, we'll fall forward."

With that assurance of episcopal support, Denver Methodists began looking for new ways to move. Bishop Stuart also fostered support for metropolitan



Above: Dr. A. McRaven Warner, Core City Ministries director, talks strategy with CCM team. Below: Pastor Ed Beck of Warren Church tells Dist. Supt. Bill Byrd about the church's plans for Warren Village, a 150-apartment high rise with 120 units reserved for single-parent families.



Inner City Protestant Parish, occupying a former Evangelical United Brethren church and supported by seven denominations, offers many services in an old neighborhood of high Mexican-American population. Worship is held Sunday and Wednesday mornings.





church strategy in his 1966 choice of ebullient, gregarious William O. (Bill) Byrd to be superintendent of the Denver District. Like a number of other Denver church leaders, he is a recent immigrant, a Louisianian who came to Colorado in 1962.

Bill Byrd's favorite metaphor to describe his work is "building bridges"—between inner city and suburbs, between United Methodists and other denominations, between the church and secular organizations in social action. He didn't engineer the construction of all the bridges already in place, but he has been an enthusiastic promoter of the Metro Mission strategy and his enthusiasm has proved contagious to many of the pastors and laymen of the district's 48 congregations.

Among Superintendent Byrd's earliest promotions was a 1966 district consultation to ponder denominational programs for the metropolitan area. From it and other studies came five basic guidelines:

1. The church must serve the total city with no false separation of inner city and suburbia.
2. Resources for service must come from the area itself without depending on national mission agencies for all of our funds.
3. Problems of the city must be attacked on an ecumenical basis; it is poor stewardship and vain to try to "go it alone."
4. The church must serve people, not institutions. Explore every possible co-operation with secular agencies to serve wherever there is need.
5. Freedom to experiment is essential.

In formulating strategy based on those guidelines, Denver's United Methodists can draw on the considerable strength of their denomination, Colorado's leading Protestant body. They are fortunate, too, that their city is home of Iliff School of Theology, the United Methodist seminary which trains pastors for churches throughout the Rocky Mountain region. Iliff uses the city itself as a laboratory for its students and plays a major "bridging" role with other church and secular agencies in experimental efforts to find new strategies.

Says Dr. H. Edward Everding, chairman of the Iliff curriculum committee: "We think of the ministry as a profession, and we're trying to offer our students a professional theological education."

A revised curriculum which the seminary put into effect last fall includes a three-week orientation period for first-year students, immersing them in the life of the city through interviews with police, health, and welfare-department officials, secular and church workers in social-action projects, and others. For upperclassmen there are more team-taught classes, fewer required courses, and in-service training which requires field work of 40 hours a week in church and social agencies. The seminary and the Rocky Moun-

Old Simpson Church, built by Japanese Methodists, now is High Street Parish, housing Head Start classes and a neighborhood health station. Pastor Al Brown is seeking to involve residents "turned off" by the traditional church in planning programs relevant to life in the racially mixed poverty area.

tain Annual Conference co-operate in a work-study program for a limited number of students, partially financed by federal funds. Projects include the Rev. Russell Simpson's involvement in the black community around High Street Parish, the Rev. Frank Brown's work out of St. Paul United Methodist Church in half-way houses for released mental patients, and the Rev. Robert Aukema's efforts with troubled teen-agers. Among his young protégés: the Dukes of Purgatory, a dozen reform-school alumni who use a basement room of the parish house at Warren United Methodist Church as their clubhouse.

Another "bridge" relationship exists between Warren Church and three other United Methodist congregations—St. Paul, Trinity, and Christ—which serve the transitional area east of the Colorado capitol. Meeting together regularly for co-operative planning and mutual support, the four pastors and other staff members form the Capitol Hill Ministry. Each church has specialized ministries for such groups as the elderly, single-parent families, isolated apartment dwellers, alcoholics, and the city's small American Indian community.

Warren Church has taken one-parent families as a chief interest and presently is working on a daring project to build a low-rent, high-rise apartment building on its property. Of 150 apartments in the 30-story Warren Village structure, 120 will be reserved for single-parent families with small children, and the church will provide 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. nursery and preschool service to aid the working parents in caring for their children. The church now is negotiating for a long-term government loan and rent-supplement funds. Hopefully, the project will be completed in the early 1970s.

Christ Church, in co-operation with nearby Colorado Psychopathic Hospital, last fall began to assist a group of 10 schizophrenic patients, also parents without partners, to make adjustments to life in modern society. A psychiatrist and a professional social worker deal directly with the patients themselves while 18 church-member volunteers provide transportation and work with the patients' children while the families are at the church one day a week.

Trinity, the old downtown church which is still Denver's main Sunday-morning worship center for out-of-town visitors, is the location of a weekday "Serve a Meal to Seniors" program, funded by a \$69,000 federal grant. An average of 140 senior citizens pay 60¢ for a hot meal at the church, and another 50 shut-ins are served in their homes. Those who come to the church stay on after lunch to play dominos or cards, sing, or just visit in the church fellowship hall.

The Rev. Austin Vick, former pastor at St. Paul Church, now is director of the Metropolitan Young Adult Council in an at-large ministry to Denver's largely unchurched young adults in the coffeehouses, lounges, apartments, and night spots they frequent. He also supervises Turnstile, a crisis center for runaway teen-agers in a rented house in the hippie district. Two recent Iliff graduates are the full-time directors.

No Denver church has faced a more difficult role

James E. Barnes

"People in our suburban churches have developed to the point where they see they can be significantly related to what's going on in the inner city."
[Applewood Valley Church, where Mr. Barnes is pastor, actively relates itself to Denver Metro strategy.]



A. McRaven Warner

"As a non-Methodist, I can say that had it not been for the Methodists' push into the action, seeing the needs and putting up money and staff to meet those needs, I don't think we would be where we are today in Denver in terms of ecumenical mission." [He is a Disciples member.]



Shelley Rhym

"Race relations in Denver are among the best in the country in terms of communication. But the city is threatened by bigotry deep in its social character. The current generation is engaged in destroying covert segregation that is protected by pretense, disguise, or denial that it exists."



H. Edward Everding

"We hope first-year men coming out of the new three-week orientation program [at Iliff School of Theology] will begin to ask questions for which we won't supply answers but will show them the resources and tools by which they can start to put things together."



in adjusting to the city's racial changes than Park Hill United Methodist. Under pastoral leadership of Dr. J. Carlton Babbs, this church led in founding the interracial Park Hill Action Committee, seeking to create a balanced community by peaceful integration of schools and other public agencies.

Although Denver Methodists often have taken the lead in establishing new programs like the Young Adult Council, their leaders have insisted that the efforts be turned into ecumenical ventures. Most significant of these was the formation of Core City Ministries (CCM), a composite kind of agency which defies neat definition but which has involved itself in a wide variety of ecumenical and secular activities.

Formed by United Methodists, United Presbyterians, the United Church of Christ, and the Lutheran Church in America, CCM brought together five co-operating parishes, all located in inner-city poverty areas where Negroes and Spanish-surnamed residents are concentrated. The five centers operate typical programs—emergency food and clothing distribution, tutoring and Head Start classes, health services, Scouting, recreation, worship, and religious education. Each continues as a separate entity, but their staffs are all considered members of the CCM team.

Core City Ministries also brings together an even more ecumenical cadre of Roman Catholics, Mennonites, United Methodists, United Presbyterians, United Church of Christ leaders, and others who look

beyond the immediate work of the five parishes to plan long-range strategies for "joint action in mission."

To head the CCM staff, the council brought in a dynamic Disciples of Christ minister, Dr. A. McRaven (Mack) Warner, with past experience in urban ministry as a faculty member of St. Paul School of Theology-Methodist in Kansas City. Dr. Warner arrived in Denver in summer, 1967, and quickly began making his presence known. An interpretive statement which he wrote was adopted by the CCM board of directors, defining Core City Ministries' function as "primarily an issue-oriented, action-generating resource, without neglecting the ministries of service that continue to be necessary in the core-city areas."

CCM uses task forces to deal with such controversial issues as public education, welfare, housing, and poverty. It envisions formation and/or support of ad hoc coalitions to take emergency actions in major issues and pilot programs to meet needs which no other group is serving. And it seeks to mobilize broad support among churchmen throughout the metropolitan area to deal with legislation and other public matters.

To involve suburbanites as well as city residents in its metropolitan strategizing, the CCM staff has developed an extensive educational program directed by Mrs. Jean Smith, a master of religious education graduate from Iliff, whose salary is paid by the Littleton United Methodist Church and the Denver District.

Au Naturel, a young-adult center in the heart of the Negro community, focuses on black pride by developing salable arts and crafts like these dashiki shirts based on authentic African designs. Young people at the center also have written and produced their own movie, Soulman.



Mack Warner explains: "We felt we couldn't cut it here in the core city without involving metropolis in a single-mission strategy, and to do that we had to educate." The educational program is based on the premise that people retain much more of what they learn if they have to dig it up themselves. The basic tool is the "urban convocation," held either in one church or with groups of churches. Eight such meetings have been held over the past two years.

A model convocation pattern (though each one has been different) includes an afternoon-evening program in which the persons attending meet briefly for orientation then go out to conduct their on-the-spot research projects in 1 of 10 possible subjects. They go "where the action is" to interview the people directly involved—officials of welfare agencies, welfare recipients, police, school, and hospital officials. Follow-up discussions on the convocations have resulted in a number of specific actions. In one case, a convocation at Washington Park United Methodist Church brought a no-strings-attached gift to Au Naturel, a Negro young-adult center which has an expanding program of education, recreation, and job-creating ghetto enterprises.

Again, this is the kind of bridge-building which Bill Byrd sees as a part of his job as district superintendent. "In every church, even the most conservative," he says, "there is a nucleus of concerned laymen who are really ready to go if we can just find ways to get them tied in."



Contrasting ecumenical ventures are represented by the United Parish for Montbello, a new subdivision on Denver's eastern fringe, and Westside Action Ministry, on the city's old west side. A house purchased by four denominations is both home for the Montbello pastor's family and meeting place for the congregation. Ten Westside churches are members of the group which publishes the West Side Recorder, neighborhood newspaper. Wesley United Methodist Church provides office space.





Turnstile, a teen-age crisis center, occupies an old house near the center of the city's hippie area, offering short-term food and shelter and long-term counsel to young runaways. It has operated near capacity (10) since opening last summer.

One 10-year-old congregation in suburban Applewood Valley, facing its own need to build additional space for a growing membership, also added to its budget the full salary of another minister, the Rev. Alton Brown, designating him "our man for others." He is headquartered in the core city at High Street Parish, working in an area of Negro-Spanish-Anglo mixture. Recent remodeling of the old structure (with \$28,000 from the Denver Department of Health and Hospitals and \$5,400 from United Methodists) made possible the opening of a health center "satellite," offering medical services to many residents who would not receive such help if they had to travel outside the neighborhood to get it.

Another young church, St. Andrew United Methodist in Littleton, now pastored by the Rev. William Cooper, accepted part support of Austin Vick's ministry to young adults as its "man for others" commitment. Among a number of other congregations which have responded to the urban challenge are three—Arvada, Grace, and Emmanuel—supporting the work of the Rev. Ramiro Cruz-Aedo at the Inner City Protestant Parish. Altogether about \$70,000 is budgeted annually through the Denver District to various inner-city projects, most of it given by Denver Metro congregations over and above their conference benevolence askings.

Core City Ministries has played an unusual role in implementing the policy of citizen participation which is an essential element of the federal Model Cities program.

CCM contracted with Denver's city administration to conduct the resident-participation phase of Model City planning, based on a \$59,100 contract for the planning year. Shelley Rhym, an articulate spokesman of the Negro community, was hired as co-ordinator.

During 1968 he and three other staff members drew about 200 persons from Model City "target areas" into the work of 14 planning committees in such fields as police-community relations, economic development, legal services, welfare, health, and education. Each committee drew up specific proposals for the five-year implementation period which began this year, and a nonprofit corporation has been formed to carry out the proposals as they are funded by federal, state, city, or private sources.

The planning committees' work, Bill Byrd contends, gave evidence to the poor that they could help determine their own destinies and make their voices heard by Denver officialdom. CCM's role in the process apparently is unique—the only church organization so involved in any of the Model City programs throughout the country.

It is typical, though, of the operating style by which Denver churchmen are trying to bridge gaps and open up lines of communication between the separated elements of society. They are not dismayed that some efforts may prove controversial, even within the churches they represent. For they are convinced that to be faithful to its calling the church must make its presence felt, as catalyst, innovator, and reconciler. □



When Hearts Are Changed, What Then?

By WILLIAM H. CREEVEY

IF EVER THERE was a time when the world needed a change of heart, I suppose that time is now. More than one voice is shouting from high places that there are laws enough already, that man's heart needs changing; nothing else will help. Even the hardheaded realists, the politicians, are turning preacher now, it seems, and calling for changes in the hearts of men.

And who will disagree? Of course the problems that surround us have dark roots in the hearts of men. If we could only change the human heart, our nation might take a new lease on life. And with all the evil rooted out at its sources,

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think what a bright and shining world this would be.

But for Christians it is not mere rhetoric to say that hearts can be changed. Christians claim to have already brought their broken hearts to Christ for healing. Christians testify to having come stumbling through some dark night with hearts torn by their own divided loyalties or to having endured a life waning in dull despair, or raging out of control. Christians, struggling against themselves, have come to say with Paul:

If any one is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has passed away, behold, the new has come
(2 Corinthians 5:17).

Heart-changing is what the Christian gospel is all about: starting over again in a new direction; transferring loyalties; exchanging goals; casting off the fetters in order to live the life of Jesus Christ. The good news of the gospel is that the flooding in of the forgiving grace of Christ and the flowing out of his love changes the hearts of men and brings the Christian community into being.

Then let God change our hearts and all hearts. By all means let that happen. Let him work in the dark recesses. Let him convert and reform and renew and restore until out of the ugly scars of the past, new life emerges in what Jesus called new birth.

It is time we prayed and wept and implored the Spirit of the living God to move across this land, changing hearts, beginning with our own.

But when our hearts are changed, what then? When the turnaround has been completed; when we've allowed the forgiving love of God to flood into our hearts; when we have chosen to serve Christ instead of lesser values, and to call him Lord; when our hearts are changed, our new commitments made—what then? Will there be no more failing? No more mistakes? Are we optimistic enough to think that with changed hearts there will be no more evil at all? Are we convinced that all hearts will be motivated wholly by love and be wholly obedient to the voice of God? That hatred and frustration will never again surge up to take control of human behavior? Does our experience contradict the experience of the apostle Paul, who with changed heart was all the more aware of sin's persistence in his life, all the more aware of the continuing struggle with powers of inhumanity and darkness?

I do not do the good I want, but the evil I do not want is what I do . . . ; sin . . . dwells within me
(Romans 7:19-20).

He speaks the truth for us all. He speaks for the young mother who blurts out in despair: "I try my best to be a good mother. But when I try my best, I am still a failure." He speaks for the wise man who sings: "I am not afraid of war or guns or of any enemy. But when I feel hate welling up inside myself, I am afraid." Paul speaks for all of us in the admission that even when hearts are changed, sin persists.

But a man with a changed heart has more to face than his own inner struggle, for the world around him has not

changed. The days are still filled with choices. The world is still filled with troubles. The patterns of family life, developed through past years, are still present. The political-social situation, the occupational task, the interdependency of human relationships, the cultural influences and problems—they are all still there.

Even people with changed hearts are surrounded by patterns of life that, good or bad, just or unjust, violent or peaceful, both affect and are affected by the people whose hearts have been transformed. Even if all hearts were healed and all sickness of the inner man cured, the patterns of our life together would still remain to be dealt with. And these patterns, these relationships, can be as sick as hearts can and as much in need of healing. The idea that society is a collection of solitary, individual hearts is an incomplete idea. Society is individuals living with one another. Their relationships can be either healthy or sick, constructive or injurious.

In a marriage, there is a husband and a wife, and there is a relationship between them. Much marriage counseling is based on the premise that the relationship can be treated as an independent factor quite apart from the emotional health of the individuals. The point is that we develop patterns of living together and of interacting with each other. It is possible to develop patterns of life in marriage or in a society that hurt or destroy members of that marriage or society.

THE MAN with a changed heart is not only caught in a continuing struggle with his own persisting sin but also lives in a web of relationship patterns, many of which are themselves destructive or sick, and so create destructive influence upon him and his fellows.

Perhaps the concept of "original sin" makes more sense than ever before when we think of it as the name for all the inherited conflicts and patterns of our environment over which we have little or no control, and through which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. It is the very atmosphere that surrounds us, like a heavy smog.

But here is the crucial question: Are people with changed hearts going to take the next step? Are they going to let their change of heart make a change in the way they live together? Are they going to let their new profession of faith and loyalty to Christ influence their behavior in the secular world? Are they going to let their new understanding of life shape the way they work with people and issues around them? Are they going to listen to one another's experience and seek the will of Christ for their society?

If Christ has a purpose for the whole world, if his will encompasses the way we live together in a city and a nation, shall we not submit every dark corner of our life together to the bright light of his judgment and his mercy? Shall we who profess changed hearts and transformed loyalties not seek to understand the problems of our land in the light of God's will in Christ? Shall we not act singly and together to bring about his will for our whole society?

There was a time when people talked about the "social gospel" as contrasted with the gospel of "personal

salvation." But the Bible has put an end to that dispute. *The Bible has brought us to the realization that there is only one gospel and it is both personal and social.* It is social because it is personal. It is just because we confess Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and Savior that we find ourselves with new relationships to one another. It is just because God, who changes the hearts of men, has worked in our hearts that we find it is no longer possible to hold the same values that we had before, the same loyalties that we had before, the same political commitments that we had before, the same views of life that we had before.

Changed hearts, you see, make an ever greater demand upon us to create a healthy society and to legislate such regulations as will insure and protect all people from persisting sin, and unchanged hearts, and unjust patterns, and destructive relationships. Changed hearts may be especially repulsed by violence and injustice, and may work to enact laws and establish programs that prohibit or discourage whatever demeans the worth of any person for whom Christ dies.

Two charges are leveled at the church today. In the first place, it is said that the church is neglecting its central mission. It is charged that the church is trying to change the structures of society instead of preaching the Christ who changes the hearts of men, and it is argued that the unique mission of the church is to deal with unregenerate hearts of men.

But that is exactly one half of the story. *Perhaps the greater challenge to the church is to be the people with regenerated hearts.* To live as people with regenerated hearts; to struggle, as men whose hearts are bound to Christ, with all the complicated issues of our time; and to seek individually and corporately to create patterns of life that reflect the new life in our hearts.

The second charge is of greater significance. This is

that the church is plagued by a giant credibility gap. It is charged that Christians who have long professed a gospel with the power to change hearts do not behave as if their hearts are changed. New-hearted men have not displayed Christ's compassion in shaping their society. Men with hearts "transformed from within" have "conformed to this world" when it comes to their participation in the body politic.

And now, as the church begins to close this credibility gap, as it begins to follow the dictates of its newly regenerated heart, it is severely criticized for neglecting the personal gospel of the Christ who changes the hearts of men. If we could only see how these two go inseparably together.

Employing a phrase from an old gospel song, let this be our testimony: I have social concern as I didn't before, since Jesus came into my heart; I am active in politics as I wasn't before, since Jesus came into my heart; I have wept for our cities though I didn't before, since Jesus came into my heart; I have hope for our society as I never had before, since Jesus came into my heart. No matter what the critics say, I will serve my Savior, the Crucified One, no matter what the cost, by my participation in rooting out of our society all that does not conform to what is obvious in his purpose, and I will work corporately with every other Christian who will join me in seeking to rid the world of all that is short of God's will for us all.

And all the while, we ought to sing and shout that something has happened to our lives. That this direction we have chosen, this commitment we have made, these new values we have decided to serve are all things that we have found in Jesus Christ who is renewing our hearts and making our lives complete.

He is our Lord and Savior. He is the world's Lord and Savior, too. □

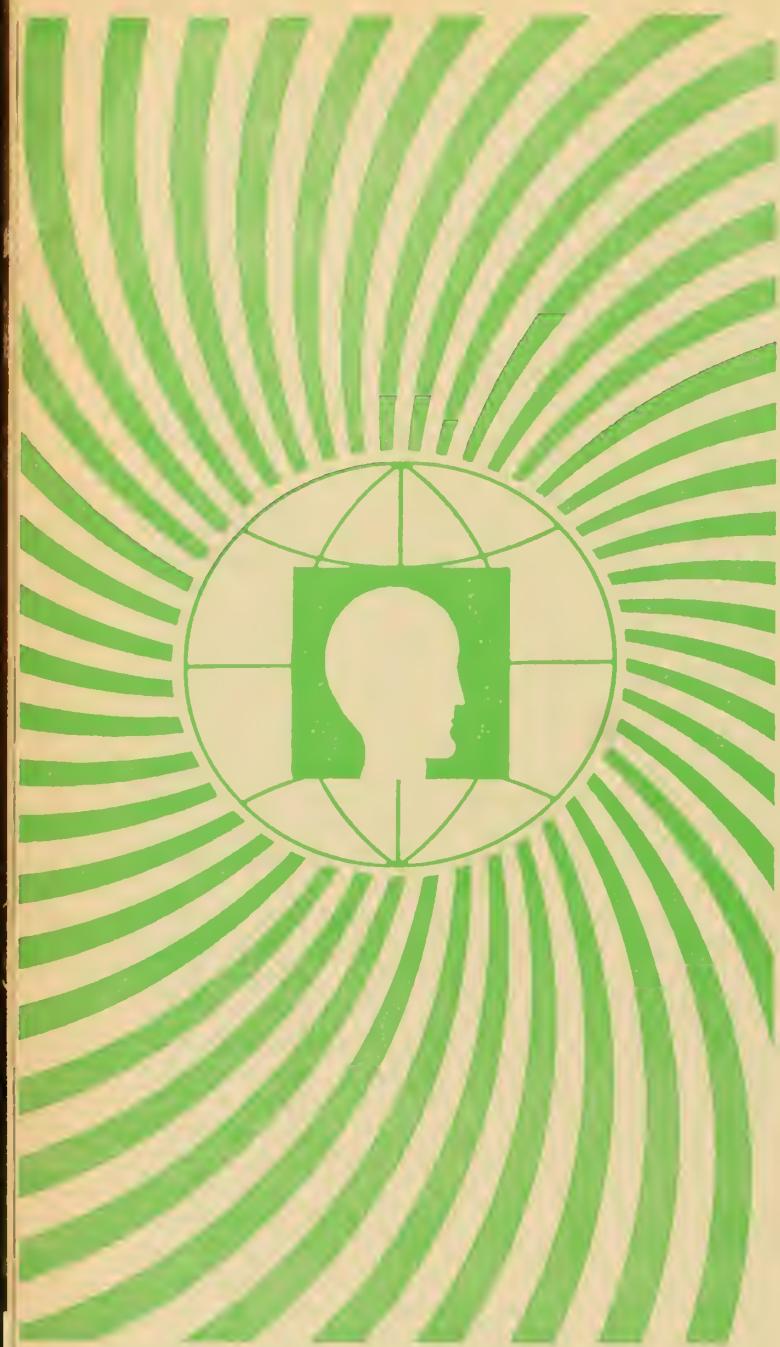
The Works I Do

The works I do, you shall do, He said.

*He gave men faith; to hopeless hearts gave hope;
he made men thirst and hunger after God;
woke dreams in them who thought all dreams were dead.
He tore aside the curtains of the Night
and let men look upon the awesome Light.
He made a crevice in the tomb, revealed
aliveness everlasting in God's world.
He took an ugly gallows-tree to a hill
and left it like a star against the skies.
He showed men how to pray, and how to love,
and how to live a life that never dies.*

*Small wonder guilt within our spirit cries,
or that our prayers are woebegone:
forgive us for the things we leave undone.*

—Lon Woodrum



THE FUNCTION of man is to build and direct the whole of the earth. Having lived for millennia in self-contradiction, mankind has now reached a stage of development from which it can, with all its forces, advance forward. It will be objected that in order to finally constitute a Crusade of Man, there must be some "antagonist" to oppose.

For my part, I do not believe in the supreme effectiveness of the instinct of preservation and fear. It is not the fear of perishing but the ambition to live which has thrown man into the exploration of nature, the conquest of the atmosphere and the heavens.

Until now, we have rightly been passionate in seeking to unveil the mysteries concealed in matter, infinitely great and infinitesimally small mysteries. But an inquiry of much greater importance to the future will be the study of psychic currents and attractions, a science of spiritual energy. Perhaps, impelled by the necessity to build the unity of the World, we shall end by perceiving that the great object unconsciously pursued by science is nothing else than the discovery of God.

Stimulated by consecutive discoveries which in the space of a hundred years have successively revealed to our generation several important things—first the profundities and significance of time, then the limitless spiritual resources of matter, and lastly the power of living beings acting in association—it seems that our psyche is in the process of changing. A conquering passion which will sweep away or transform what has hitherto been the immaturity of the earth has begun to show itself, and its salutary action comes just at the right moment to control, awaken, or order the emancipated forces of love, the dormant forces of human unity, and the hesitant forces of research.

The whole question, in this crisis of birth, is the rapid emergence of the soul which by its appearance will organize, lighten, and vitalize this mass of stagnant and confused material. But this soul can only be a "conspiracy" of individuals who associate

BUILDING the Earth

This priest-scientist's hopeful vision of the future hinged on the urgent need of developing a great hope in common, leading finally to the unity of all men and nations under God.

By PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

themselves to raise to a new stage the edifice of life.

The resources we enjoy today, the powers and secrets of science we have discovered, cannot be absorbed by the narrow system of individual and national divisions which have so far served the leaders of the world. The age of nations is past. The task before us now, if we would not perish, is to shake off our ancient prejudices, and to build the earth.

It has become fashionable today to mock or to treat with suspicion anything which looks like faith in the future. If we are not careful, this skepticism will be fatal, for its direct result is to destroy both the love of living and the momentum of mankind. Firmly based on the general history of the world, as revealed to us by paleontology, over a period of 300 million years, we can make these two assertions, without losing our foothold in dreams:

a) First and foremost, mankind still shows signs of a reserve, a formidable potential of concentration, that is, of progress. Think of the immensity of the powers, ideas, and persons not yet discovered or harnessed or born or synthesized. In terms of "energy" and biology, the human race is still very young and very fresh.

b) The earth is still far from having completed its sidereal evolution. True, we can imagine all sorts of catastrophes which might intervene to cut short this great development. But for 300 million years now, Life has been going on paradoxically in the midst of improbability. Does that not indicate that it is marching forward, sustained by some complicity in the motive forces of the Universe?

The real difficulty which faces man is not the certainty that he is the seat of constant progress; it is rather the conception of how this progress can go on for a long time yet at its present rate, without life exploding itself or blowing up the earth on which it was born. Our modern world was created in less than ten thousand years, and in the last two hundred years it has changed faster than in all the previous millennia.

Progress, if it is to continue, will not happen by it-

self. Evolution, by the very mechanism of its syntheses, is constantly acquiring greater freedom. In practice, what steps must we take in relation to this forward march? I see two, which can be summarized in five words: a great hope in common.

a) First, a great hope. This must be born spontaneously in every generous soul in face of the anticipated work, and it also represents the essential impetus without which nothing will be done. A passionate love of growth, of being, that is what we need. Down with the cowards and the skeptics, the pessimists and the unhappy, the weary and the stagnant.

b) In common. On this point also the history of Life is decisive. There is only one way which leads upwards; the one which, through greater organization, leads to greater synthesis and unity. Here again, then, down with the pure individualists, the egoists, who expect to grow by excluding or diminishing their brothers—individually, nationally, or racially. Life is moving toward unification. Our hope will only be operative if it is expressed in greater cohesion and human solidarity. The future of the earth is in our hands. How shall we decide?

A common science merely brings the geometric point of different intelligences nearer together. A common interest, however passionate, merely brings beings into indirect touch, through an impersonal which destroys personality. It is not our heads or our bodies which we must bring together but our hearts. The generating principle of our unification is not finally to be found in the single contemplation of the same truth or in the single desire awakened by something, but in the single attraction exercised by the same Someone.

The great event which we are awaiting [is] the discovery of a synthetic act of adoration in which are allied and mutually exalted the passionate desire to conquer the world, and the passionate desire to unite ourselves with God; the vital act, specifically new, corresponding to a new age of the earth. □



Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955) was one of those rare men who are ready to face the future head on. His religious writing began during World War I while he was serving as a front-line stretcher bearer with French forces. He continued to produce essays which he shared with only his closest friends and fellow Jesuit priests, but they so challenged traditional religious concepts that few were published until recent years. Trained in natural science, he was a specialist in paleontology—the study of life in past geological eras—and participated in expeditions that took him to remote areas of Mongolia,

China, and Africa, as well as Europe. Meanwhile, Teilhard struggled with two forces that seemed to pull him in opposite directions—religion, which often stressed renunciation of this world and directed attention upward, and the modern spirit, which calls for deep involvement in the world and directs attention forward. In his writings, Teilhard sought to resolve this conflict and to describe a life-style that is both fully Christian and fully human, in which absolute truth is in creative tension with absolute love and scientific and religious understandings are in harmony. His writings have inspired keen interest among both Christians and non-Christians. This article is from *Building the Earth*, published by Dimension Books, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., copyright 1965 by Dimension Books, and is used by permission.

—Your Editors



Jan took Georgie's hand, faced them, and delivered a very effective message, kindergarten style.

IN 1951 we lived in a tract home that was so new it still looked un-lived-in. The view from the windows changed daily as other houses sprouted in previously dusty plots and strange children appeared to play with our children.

"Old-timers" who had been the first to settle in the project were swapping recipes, exchanging babysitting, and going halves on fencees with the exhilaration which World War II victory had brought along with returning soldier-husbands and the beginning of homemaking at last.

The first inkling I had that there was a problem in the neighborhood came when my five-year-old daughter burst into the house with a flushed and tearful face. Sobs drowned out most of her words, but I gathered that "Georgie" had hit her all the way home from kindergarten. Repeated questions drew out no possible reason for the little stranger's actions other than: "Georgie is a real mean boy."

Red marks left no doubt that Jan was telling the truth about being hit, and she was so frightened that I knew I would have to take action if she were to go to school again willingly. Since I had two babies, and no car during the day, a note for her to take to the teacher the next day had to suffice.

Jan's nine-year-old brother escorted her to school, and she came home with a reassuring note. The teacher said: "I spoke with Georgie, and he admitted hitting Jan. He would give no reason. I encouraged him to apologize to her, and he promised not to hit her again."

I felt sure the matter was ended, and Jan swung happily in the backyard as I frosted a cake. Then suddenly the words of her song, repeated and rhythmic, came through to me. She was chanting: "Georgie is a Jappie . . . Georgie is a Jappie . . . Georgie is a Jappie . . ."

HEARTS & FLOWERS

By FRAN McMAHON

Feeling was still strong against the Japanese in 1951, especially in families who had lost men in the Pacific. And many women resented the "war wives" some GIs were bringing back from occupation in Japan. But my mind's eye saw a little boy with eyes that were unusual and skin darker than the other children's, standing on a school playground alone while children sang those horrible words to him over and over. Now Jan's other words floated back to me: "Georgie hit me . . . Georgie is a real mean boy . . . I didn't do anything to Georgie . . ."

I searched for the right words to bring out the whole story, and for the wisdom to undo what I surely had done to Georgie. My heart ached for that little boy standing before the teacher, unable to defend himself against something he could not understand. And my heart ached for my child, too, so secure in our love and so innocent in her intolerance.

IT WAS only an hour until the older children would be home from school and the younger ones awake from naps. Somehow in that time I had to draw out the truth, awaken Jan's understanding and compassion, and find a way to help Georgie. I called Jan into the house.

"What were you singing, dear?" I asked, putting a plate of cookies and two glasses of milk on the table.

"Oh, just a song we all sing at school." Eyes sparkling, she chanted it for me.

"Is that the Georgie who hit you?"

"Yes."

"What does Jannie mean?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I guess it must mean bad, because Georgie is a bad boy."

Gently I persisted: "Does Georgie

look different from the other boys?"

She thought a moment.

"Well, yes." She guessed his eyes were different, and he did look a little funny.

"Do you remember the song you sing at Sunday school: *Jesus loves the little children, / All the children of the world; / Red and yellow, black and white, / All are precious in his sight . . .*?"

She did, and promptly sang it loudly.

Then we looked through the seed catalog, noting the colorful variety of flowers. We discussed which were the prettiest and found out that each of us liked a different kind and color best. We wondered which color flower God preferred. And which color child. We decided he didn't want just one color and had made and loved them all.

We talked about how Georgie was one of God's yellow children and Jan one of his white ones, and how he loved them both.

"Jan," I suggested, "let's pretend. You pretend you are one of God's yellow children and are just starting kindergarten today. You don't know any of the other boys and girls yet. And let's pretend all those other children begin to sing a song about you to tease you. What would you do?"

"I'd feel bad."

"Would you feel bad enough to hit some of them, especially a little girl who was smaller than you and couldn't hit back?"

Jan melted. No more talk of Georgie's meanness! "Oh Mommy, Georgie wasn't mean, was he?"

We talked about how hard it is to make things right again when we have done wrong. We pretended she was Georgie facing the teacher because he had hit a little girl. "Would you tell the teacher why you had hit her?"

Pretending had brought her understanding. "No, I guess I

wouldn't. I bet Georgie thought the teacher didn't care because he was different."

She agreed it was right to tell the teacher about the song, and to tell Georgie she was sorry. I was sure she would do it, but I was totally unprepared for how she did it. Her teacher called me immediately after school had been dismissed the next day.

"I want to thank you for what happened in my classroom today," she told me.

JAN had explained to the teacher about the song. Georgie had been called over and Jan had told him she was sorry.

This was all and more than the teacher had expected, but Jan's game of pretend had done its work. During the conversation the other children had drifted close and were watching curiously. Jan took Georgie's hand, faced them, and delivered a very effective message, kindergarten style. The teacher's voice sounded suspiciously husky on the phone: "She mixed up the names of the flowers, but Georgie was mighty proud to be a yellow one when she got through!"

I thought this settled it. Georgie fitted in nicely with the children after that, and Jan had grown immeasurably from the experience. But prejudice does not start in kindergarten. My husband and I began to hear rumblings from various neighbors about "the foreign element." And property values began to be discussed heatedly.

I had been curious about Georgie's very un-Japanese name of Larson, and now I decided to call on his parents.

George Larson did most of the talking at first. He obviously was very much in love with his wife. She was petite, quiet, and very gracious. Her English was halting, but when



A Child Learns What He Lives

If a child lives with criticism,
He learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility,
He learns to fight.

If a child lives with tolerance,
He learns to be patient.

If a child lives with ridicule,
He learns to be shy.

If a child lives with encouragement,
He learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise,
He learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness,
He learns justice.

If a child lives with security,
He learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval,
He learns to like himself.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,
He learns to find love in the world.

—UNKNOWN

I said how much we enjoyed Georgie, Reiko Larson's reserve vanished and we managed to talk despite language difficulties.

Over tea she told me of her childhood in Japan, of meeting George Larson, marrying him, and coming to the United States. No word of reproach for the cold reception she had found, only praise for her new country. She had a rare intelligence and a sense of humor. When I left, it was later than I had intended, and I had found a friend.

To convey this to biased neighbors was not so easy. In vain I pointed out the trim lawn, well-kept home, and neatly dressed Georgie, whose manners put all of our children's to shame. Reiko and I visited back and forth daily, and daily I lost more friends.

THEN a solution appeared, and almost escaped unrecognized. One day when I was helping her with her English, Reiko remarked that she wished she could help me with something. I suggested that she teach me to cook some Japanese dishes, or how to make my garden as pretty as hers, or how to arrange flowers the lovely way she did. Just as the words left my mouth I remembered. The PTA president had been bemoaning her lack of knowledge of flower arrangement.

It was not too hard to persuade Reiko to teach a flower-arranging class. She was a generous person, warm and giving. She loved flowers, and they literally bloomed in her hands. Reiko bloomed, too, as various neighbors joined the class and melted under her charm. Flowers once more were the key to understanding.

By the time we moved away, I almost needed an appointment to see Reiko. Japanese food was showing up regularly in several homes. And even the husbands were beginning to drop by the Larsons' for gardening advice or slips from Reiko's rare shrubbery.

I have not been back to the tract, but I have wondered many times if anyone ever figured out what happened to property values after Reiko's horticultural influence spread through it. □

How We Handle Questions On Adoption

By JANICE B. BLESSIS

LET'S HAVE *The Story of My Life, Mommy.*"

This has been the beginning of a nightly ritual at our house since our six-year-old son was three and began to comprehend the story of his adoption. For a long time he called it *The Life of My Story*. It never loses luster through retelling and frequent promptings from the hero himself, and it has been enhanced by the addition of an adopted sister and two adopted cousins.

Sister, at two, can only savor the warmth of the words, but when they begin to have real meaning to her, she, too, will be happy with the thrilling account that includes the story of how her brother ran through the halls of the adoption agency screaming joyously: "Wait 'til you see our baby!"

Responsible child-welfare authorities today emphasize in a single voice that the adopted child must be told he is adopted. They suggest that this be done at preschool age, and most parents find this good advice. The telling is an easy task then because detailed questions are not forthcoming at this age and simple answers suffice.

The problem of when, and what, to tell the young child is largely nonexistent. A far more real, and usually unanticipated, problem is what to tell incredibly curious people who ask incredibly personal questions about adoption, frequently in front of the child.

Some of the questions adoptive parents find offensive or, at the very least, tactless are:

Was he illegitimate?

An eye-for-an-eye retort is a real temptation here. Stifle it and reply coolly: "What an odd question! What difference could that possibly make?"

What did you have to pay for him?

This fortunately is an infrequent question. "We bought him with love" should suffice to answer it. If the child is present, you may want to throw in

the amount, like "a bushel and a peck, and a hug around the neck."

How could the real mother give him up?

The child's presence makes this a hurtful question. The answer, I believe, should be a quiet: "I'm sure it took a great deal of courage," followed by a louder statement of our immense luck in finding exactly the child we wanted for our own.

What are you going to tell him?

We are going to tell him whatever he needs to know, in so far as we can. Our greater concern is how we make him feel. We want him to be a secure, happy member of his family, ever confident of his own worth.

What do you know about his background?

This probably is a natural question, and it can be answered by an affirmation of confidence in the agency's placement studies. If it seems tactless, it is only because the miracle of the child so quickly dissipates any questions we ourselves had that we forgot we are not his background.

It's too bad you couldn't have one of your own.

Rather than the almost automatic response, "I couldn't love my own more," the answer here is definite: "But he is our own." Perhaps it is impossible for people who have not been through the experience of adoption to accept this. Yet, it would appear to me to be enormously ego-



tistic to feel otherwise simply because a child did not spring from one's own body. When that tiny bundle of utter dependence is handed into your arms and safekeeping, he is yours—and you both know it in short order.

You had yours the easy way, didn't you?

Anybody who has gone through the rigors of adoption will find this a ridiculous statement. Most adoptive parents can laugh it off, knowing that if biological parents had to meet as many standards as adoptive ones, the population explosion would be one of the lesser world problems.

You're so good to take him.

This sentiment, frankly, makes adoptive parents feel silly. While the legal aspects of adoption have to be geared primarily toward the welfare of the child, the rewards of adoptive parenthood are without measure. Far from expecting praise, one and all adoptive parents I know feel blessed beyond their dreams.

Of course, any or all of the foregoing questions may be turned aside flatly with: "That is personal." Most of us, however, are reluctant to rebuff what may be genuine interest. And we must be concerned where thoughtless remarks threaten our child's sense of security.

No one can expect to shield his child from all the hurts of the world, but perhaps the adoptive parent feels a more urgent need to try. □



Getting acquainted: Soon after arrival at Bangalore, American students visit a small village where Mrs. Weldon Crowley, wife of the study-center director, receives her garland of welcome.

ON A HOT and humid night last August 31, in Calcutta, India, 65 American college sophomores checked through airport customs and boarded two buses that would take them to a hotel. It was their fourth and last overseas stop before they would fly on across the subcontinent for a year of study at Bangalore University, their campus abroad.

As the buses moved slowly through Calcutta's teeming midnight streets, all laughter and conversation suddenly stopped. Some of the students gasped and turned their heads away from the windows, as if to shut out the spectral throngs they passed for mile after mile along the route.

Others began to weep.

What they had seen hit hard. It hit hard, even though all had been prepared by their first year of study at Callison College, one of the University of the Pacific's "cluster" colleges in Stockton, Calif. They had known there would be poverty and abject misery in the streets of India. Yet, seeing it in all its ghastly realism was different.

The students were tired, sleepy, thirsty, and a little homesick. But here were people in rags, homeless and hungry, living and sleeping in the streets. Here were the lame, the halt, the blind—people without hope.

The implacable, unforgettable nightmare in the

'Toward a Greater Understanding'

The students from Callison College, en route for a year of study at India's Bangalore University, were prepared—intellectually—for Asia's lands of plenty, contrasted with areas where millions live in hunger and poverty.

But were they prepared to face the latter, outside the classroom?



Weather permitting, the students attend classes on the lawn of Bangalore's Shilton Hotel where they will live, work, and study during their sophomore year at the Overseas Center of Callison College, University of the Pacific. Their instructor, dressed in typical regional style, is lecturing on Indian religions, a subject chosen by more than half the class.

streets of Calcutta could not be left at the doorway of an air-conditioned hotel where good food, servants, clean sheets, and comfortable beds awaited the young Americans.

The two faculty representatives who came along as chaperones feared at first that the Calcutta experience would be too traumatic, but there had been no way to avoid it. Dr. Douglas Moore and Dr. Boyd Mathias decided to hold a meeting the next morning, a kind of group-therapy session designed to relieve the emotional tension and possible guilt feelings born of the previous night's experience.

"We found that we had underestimated the ability of these kids to bounce back," says Dr. Moore. "We found that they are tough, but not callous. And they didn't want to cut themselves off inside that comfortable hotel. They wanted to go back out into the streets among the people—and that's what they did."

Looking back, the reaction was predictable. The fact that these students had enrolled at Callison College in itself indicated that they possessed social consciences and, for most, aspirations for careers in social service.

"We believe our country desperately needs liberal-

arts graduates who have a comprehensive knowledge of the world," declares Dr. Robert E. Burns, president of the United Methodist-related school in Stockton. "We feel that through their stay in India these students will come back to the United States with a greater understanding of the problems of the peoples in other parts of the world."

Today, Calcutta is weeks behind the Callison students who are well into their year of study in a city that seems a world away from what they first experienced in India.

In beautiful, prosperous Bangalore, an English-language newspaper headlined: "U.S. Students Arrive in City for Study."

The *Deccan Herald* noted that as the 18 to 20-year-old students alighted from their two chartered planes, "they were received by Dr. Weldon S. Crowley, director of the Callison Overseas Study Center at Bangalore, and Mr. Ramachandra B. Magal, Indian associate director.

"The American students represent the entire second-year class . . . They will live in a hotel where specially organized courses in Indian subjects for them will be



Things to be remembered: "My first pedicab ride in Bangalore!" says Kathleen O'Connell of Santa Ana, Calif. "My visit with the village people," says Chris Szeesey of Orinda, Calif. "The folk dancers were the most colorful thing I've seen since we landed here!"

conducted by the Callison College," said the *Herald*.

The Callison program is unique in that each year it will bring to India—or, eventually, to some other country—its entire second-year class. The current class is the first to go overseas through collaboration between the Indian and U.S. institutions.

The Indian university will share its library and other facilities with the Americans, but all classes will be held on the hotel premises. "Thus, no Indian student will be denied an education because we are here," Dr. Crowley explains.

Bangalore is a cosmopolitan city of more than 1.5 million. It has many industries, well-planned parks and streets, flowering gardens, and comparative prosperity. At the hotel, students have comfortable rooms and a choice of Indian and American foods. They attend classes four days a week.

"But we don't want to get so comfortable here in Bangalore that we fail to see India as a whole," one student remarked.

To assure a balanced view of the country, a month of travel between semesters has been arranged. Each student also will work on an individual field project devoted to some phase of life in India.

Bangalore's vice-chancellor, V. K. Gokak emphasized the additional importance of understanding what he described as "the four layers of Indian culture," namely:



Bangalore (elevation 3,500 feet) is an industrial city also known for its flowers, and marketplaces. Inside one market, Ginger Step inspects a display of goura fruit as a friendly and curious onlooker looks on.



After the students saw the Byrapura village folk dancers, some of whom walked five miles to take part, two of Bangalore's well-known girl dancers came to the campus to acquaint the Americans with the Bharatanatyam, South India's "pure dance." Interest in the dance as an art form is increasing in India.



fruits, vegetables,
Sleevy, Calif., (clad in red sari)
to look on.

"Young India, impatient to catch up with the fast advancing world, burning with a passion to uproot its outmoded institutions; renascent India, which recovered its lost philosophy of life; medieval India, which expressed its cultural richness through its temples and architecture; and ancient India, whose scriptures dated back to the early Christian era."

Much of what is accomplished by the Callison program will depend on person-to-person relationships between the young Americans and their hosts. And they have been pleasantly surprised to find that they are welcomed enthusiastically, both socially and academically. Numerous Indian students come and go from the hotel, and many of the American students have turned to Indian styles of dress and customs.

"When we went out on the streets, people seemed to know us," Dr. Mathias said. "They seemed to know why our students had come to their city, and they smiled their welcome."

There are no "snap" courses at Bangalore where the American students devote many hours each week to such subjects as "Indian Civilization," "Economic Development in India," "People of South India," "Indian Languages," "Indian Art," and "Religions of India."

The prime purpose of Callison College, named for Dr. and Mrs. Ferd W. Callison whose endowment makes the program possible, is to educate men and

women who "can help our nation assume creatively and imaginatively the increasing responsibilities of world leadership." Will a year of study in India help accomplish this? Will it change the lives of young Americans who have never experienced most of the problems that face large areas of the world today?

Dr. Moore and Dr. Mathias agree that changes already have taken place. "We believe these boys and girls will become better citizens. Surely they will have learned more about themselves and the factors that molded them as Americans. We believe they already have discovered a commonality among all humans that transcends cultural and geographical lines."

At the same time, the faculty representatives agreed, the Callison students may become less critical of some aspects of their own culture, more critical of others. And many will decide on careers in social service or international relations.

When they come back to the United States later this year, the Callison students will become part of the Stockton campus again. Some of what they have learned in the Bangalore classrooms will slowly fade from their minds, as it always does.

But there are some things they will not forget. They will have known the people of India: the friendly, smiling faces of Bangalore—and the haunted, spectral faces of Calcutta. And never again can life be the same for any of them.

—HERMAN B. TEETER



Although the Callison program doesn't stress farming or horticulture, neither can be ignored for long in Bangalore. "The people seem flower crazy," says John Ellington of Saratoga, Calif., chatting (above) with an Indian companion. "And they have a right to be!" Meanwhile, Gwen Anderson, McMinnville, Oreg., inspects an ear of Indian corn and tries out a few words of Kannada on a small farm boy.



GOD IS A SHOUT IN THE STREET

By ROLAND C. STAHL

Pastor, Centenary United Methodist Church
Auburndale, Massachusetts

THIS PAST SUMMER I did something I had planned to do for a long time. I visited Greenwich Village in New York. It was a fascinating experience to wander in the Washington Square area, which now is not only an artist's colony but also is frequented by rebellious and disillusioned youths. I walked the streets, watched people, listened.

Often they were discussing religion. This was surprising because these strange appearing young people are never seen in churches. Besides, God is said to be dead, especially for American youths, and "God talk" isn't supposed to have any meaning. Yet a great deal of serious discussion of religion is going on these days outside the church.

Hearing a bearded young man in the village talking religion recalled to mind a scene in James Joyce's *Ulysses* (Random House, Modern Library, 1940).

In this scene Stephen Dedalus, a young school-teacher, discusses the state of the world with his employer, the headmaster, and is appalled at the latter's anti-semitism. "Old England is dying," he says, and he blames it on the Jews. Mention of the words "old England" reminds Stephen of a prophecy of William Blake that also referred to "old England's" death:

"The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding sheet."

It occurs to him that it is not the Jews who are destroying England but selfishness and greed. There is a double meaning in the word "harlot"; it refers not only to a woman who sells her body but to any person who prostitutes himself. It could refer to a man who sells his strength and talents to an industrial system that will make him rich but chain his freedom and shrivel his soul. Stephen tries to argue, but the headmaster is sure of himself. As he speaks, a shout is heard outside. Then Stephen says, "That is God . . . a shout in the street!"

The headmaster obviously doesn't have the foggiest idea what Stephen means, but sensing that it is something offensive, he says, in the voice of the Establishment, "I foresee that you will not remain here very long at this work."

In the expression, "God is a shout in the street," I believe Joyce is saying that man's life, whether he understands it that way or not, is a search for God



—a God not found in some vague abstraction and not confined in our static creeds and fossilized institutions. God is life and energy and freedom, and if we would find him, it must be in that which is alive and free and growing.

The novel *Ulysses* starts with a funeral. Though the funeral includes a religious service, nowhere is God felt to be less present, for life in the streets keeps interrupting the thoughts of the men at the funeral who find it difficult to concentrate on death.

Out in the streets wherever one might go, God is immersed in the lives of human beings whether they be saints or sinners. God is suffering in man's sin and misery and exulting in man's joy. God may be spat upon or exalted, but he is wherever men live and die, love and hate, laugh and weep.

And this is precisely the teaching of the New Testament: the living God is not to be found buried in the laws of Moses or pronouncements of the prophets; men find God in Jesus Christ, who lived and suffered and died among men, sharing their misery and pain and revealing the wonder and mystery of love.

This idea of God as "a shout in the street" was

used long after Joyce by another great Irish literary figure, Sean O'Casey, who was much influenced by Joyce and obviously took the idea from him. In O'Casey's autobiography *Rose and Crown* (Macmillan, paper, 1961), he tells of a dinner party he attended that featured a delightful Irish argument about religion. Besides the host and hostess, a number of colorful Irish characters were there, including two staunch Catholics, a Dr. McCartan and a Judge Lynch, along with a Protestant—"a man from God knows where in Ulster." All went well until suddenly "Sean was startled by hearing the Ulsterman say slowly and sharply: 'The Irish wud be a grund people but for the inseedious reeleigion of the romun catholic church ruining thum.'"

This, as we can well imagine, started a real donnybrook of a religious argument. Finally, the man from Ulster turns to Sean, who is also a Protestant, for support. O'Casey tries to avoid the argument, but the Ulsterman won't let him off. "I want to know if God is a Catholic or a Protestant; onser that, wull ye?"

"He's neither," said Sean laughingly; "relationship with him isn't sanctioned by the push button of an opinion. He may be more than he is claimed to be: he may be but a shout in the street. . . .

"When God is a shout in the street," said Sean, "the shout is never a creed . . . It might be a shout of people for bread, as in the French Revolution; or for the world's ownership, as in the Russian Revolution; or it might just be a drunken man in the night on a deserted street, shouting out Verdi's *O, Leonora*, unsteadily meandering his way homewards."

This suggestion does not settle the argument. But it does give it a new twist that nobody present is quite prepared to handle. God is a shout in the street. There are many shouts, some of joy and some of sorrow, but all expressions of life. Life that is real, without a hint of pretense or hypocrisy, is where God is also.

We are living in a time when that idea has occurred to a lot of people. All across the country there is a crisis in religion. Everywhere church leaders are disturbed because people are not attending church the way they used to, and they're not joining the churches or supporting them as they once did.

Martin Buber spoke of "the eclipse of God," while others have gone farther to say that "God is dead." Most alarming of all is that the young people, those who are the most alive, those upon whom the future of the church and the world depends, are finding little to challenge them in the typical church of today. Yet in the streets there is a tremendous amount of activity, shouting and singing and marching, as life thrusts forward toward a new day. Some strange sounds and a new music are being heard today, and some of us are having a hard time understanding what they mean.

Perhaps the words I found on the jacket of a phonograph record may give a clue. It is a recording of a reverent and interesting piece of religious music called *Mass in F Minor*. It represents a sort of marriage of ancient and ultramodern music, and it is done by a group known as The Electric Prunes. Here is what the jacket says about religion and life today:

"So much in the old cathedral seemed, to the young

man, intent on making him feel smaller. Ahead of him, remote figures in shining robes moved on worn paths through their stations, chanting in foreign ritual. He just couldn't get with it.

"Around him in the half-empty rows were mostly isolated old women, bent, tucked down over strings of black beads. Bent, with no one bending back to them.

"To one side, a robed choir, echoing Medieval plain-song . . . No one to talk to, or touch. Little to listen to. A museum for other souls, not his.

"He returned to the out-of-doors. The city outside beat to a new rhythm. It—the Hondas, the jets, the guitars, the laughs, the headlines, the commercials, the cries, the kids, his ugly-lovely cacophony—it caught him up. It wallopéd.

"Those outside the cathedral—new colors, new cuts, new looks—moving in lively anticipation. Eyes cast up, watching their hopes.

"Then, from some \$4.98 radio he heard the beat of the latest anthem. That music beat out his own tempo. An un-plainsong caught his heart and gut. It beat to him. It bent to him. He bent back."¹

Life is in the streets today, and it beats with a tremendous vitality. He who listens can hear the voice of God. He can hear it in the cries of black people for justice and equality, in the cries of the poor for bread and dignity. He can hear it in the demands of young people, and many not so young, who are saying that the way to peace is not through war. He can even hear the voice of God in those rebellious ones who demand a new morality, a new freedom, as they try to break out of the rigid, static, and lifeless patterns of society.

We must be deaf and insensitive, indeed, if we do not recognize in the new sounds of today the deep sound of God's own spirit—the One, who said, "Behold, I make all things new!" The voice of God that is so feeble and so muted in the church today is heard loud and clear as a shout in the street. Whenever the walls of religious institutions have grown so high and so thick that they stifle the spirit of God, then he breaks out of them, and his voice is heard in the street. When Jesus was born, there was no room for him in the inn, and when he became a man, there was no room for him in the institutions of his day.

When the medieval church grew rich and pompous, St. Francis of Assisi wrapped himself in a burlap robe, tied a rope around his waist, and went out into the streets to serve the poor children of God. When the churches of England had grown so formal that the Spirit could not breathe, John Wesley went into the streets where thousands heard him and received new life.

God will not be confined to creeds, and his spirit cannot be hidden in tombs and museums. It continually breaks out where life is in the streets of the city.

The strange sounds in the streets today may frighten us. But we will do well to listen and open the doors and windows to let these sounds come in. In them we may hear the voice of God, and he may be calling our own names. And it will be up to us to do as Samuel of the Old Testament who said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." □

¹ Reproduced by permission of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records, Inc. From the Reprise album *Mass in F Minor*.—Your Editors

'People don't think of us any more as little girls selling cookies or playing games,' a Girl Scout recently said. 'Now they know we care about our community.' Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls are reorganizing in an attempt to serve inner-city and rural people.

Down With Picket Fences!

By MARTHA A. LANE
Associate Editor

EVERY afternoon after school, boys in a South Bronx neighborhood of New York City head for a nearby storefront center. Eagerly the 8 to 10-year-olds, mostly Puerto Rican or Negro, recite the Cub Scout Promise—"to do my best to do my duty to God and my country," compete rambunctiously in games, and learn knot-tying and other skills.

The center—an exciting new venture of the Boy Scouts of America—has been open for less than two years, but already it is reaching 195 boys. Most of them are welfare dependents. Many are fatherless. Some have been in trouble with the police. But Scouting has been meaningful to them, and they are changed boys under the direction of Juan A. Barbosa, professional Scouter and inner-city worker.

Mr. Barbosa relates well to the community. He was born and reared in Puerto Rico. He has the skill to adjust Scouting to the Bronx boys' needs, and a dedication that convinces everyone from merchants to mothers that he is concerned about the boys' futures.

"I personally interview the father or mother or both of every boy that joins," he says. "The popular notion is that ghetto parents 'don't care.' But when I interview them, I tell them, 'This is a family program. When we have an activity, we want you to see what your son can do.' So far we've been getting a good response from parents." Then he adds, almost as an afterthought, "Maybe nobody ever asked them to come before."

Whenever possible, Mr. Barbosa provides materials for boys and adults in Spanish as well as English. Local merchants are so pleased with his work that they provide small jobs for the boys to earn money for uniforms. Formerly they protected their stores from neighborhood youngsters with iron gates.

Mr. Barbosa knows that most neighborhood mothers, with their jobs and large families, simply do not have time to serve as den mothers to the Cubs. So he uses "den sisters," teen-aged girls who are accustomed to pinch-hitting for mothers in the homes. The girls assist den mothers regularly, take

over meetings when the adults cannot make it.

Meetings are held in the storefront instead of private homes because it is the most practical meeting place in the South Bronx community.

"The center concept is a very sound idea in this neighborhood, where helping institutions are not readily available," Mr. Barbosa concludes. "It's something we could use in poverty areas throughout the United States."

Study, Then Act

In every corner of the United States, Boy Scout, Girl Scout, and Camp Fire Girls groups are carrying out programs as innovative, effective, and untraditional as the Bronx Cub Scout center. They are determined to help youngsters in inner-city areas, migrant camps, and other usually forgotten or ignored neighborhoods.

From their beginnings, Scouting and Camp Fire Girls programs were meant for all people, regardless of race, creed, or color. But in practice they have catered mainly

to what one Scout executive calls the "WASP [White Anglo-Saxon Protestant] picket-fence image."

Now, bit by bit, the picket fence is being torn down.

A Camp Fire Girls spokesman explains why: "As we looked at the problems of the school dropouts, the delinquency question, the personal problems and behavior of youths, . . . we felt an urgency to use our experience and skills more consciously toward helping these young people."

All three organizations have proceeded to set up both long-range and short-term plans of intensive study and action.

The Cub Scout center, for example, is part of the Boy Scouts' Inner City-Rural Program, initiated in 1965. It is a co-operative venture between the national council and selected local councils. Early results have included development of materials in Spanish; printed ma-

terial for both boys and leaders slanted to specific minority groups—Appalachian and Mexican-American, for example; and co-operative programs with such antipoverty agencies as the Job Corps, VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America), Neighborhood Youth Corps, and community-action groups.

The Camp Fire Girls Approach

As early as 1960, the Camp Fire Girls organization was asking itself, "What might be our own relevance to current problems?"

In 1964, Camp Fire Girls set up a three-year program dubbed Metropolitan Critical Areas project. Intensive action-research activities were conducted in Boston, Detroit, and Washington, D.C., inner-city neighborhoods. In each case, Camp Fire Girls personnel worked with a social worker and with research specialists from Boston University, the University of Michigan, or

George Washington University. Training seminars were set up for local and national staff people. A number of programs were initiated locally, too.

A typical project was Los Angeles' Neighborhood Participation in Service to Girls program. Purposes were: neighborhood development, leadership training, life-enrichment programs for both girls and adults.

One target community was East Los Angeles, which is largely Spanish speaking, so bilingual staff members were employed—something not done before.

Camp Fire leaders had to prove they were genuinely interested in the community before people would accept the idea of sending their girls to Camp Fire meetings.

Miss Anita Korts, Los Angeles Area Council executive director, recalls, "We had to show them that we cared by mustering for them all

Scouts and Camp Fire Girls used to limit many special projects to summer. Now year-round activities are planned. For example, these lively winter enthusiasts are Camp Fire Girls from Detroit's inner-city area. Project Director Lola Berth Buckley (in background) surveys the fun from a safe distance.



the resources of the community. We needed to tell them how to help the father get a job, how to get a bicycle so somebody could go to work, how to get some shoes for the children, how to get the school opened during the summertime. They had to be helped with their own problems before they could talk about service to girls."

Camp Fire Girls leaders also taught neighborhood people how to plan and conduct meetings, how to organize events and recruit people—how to make their voices mean something in their community.

The Los Angeles project served 70 groups of girls—1,332 in all. Leaders would be hard to get in these neighborhoods, the staff had predicted. But the hardest job turned out to be finding sponsors—churches, PTAs, and other groups—to help ensure the stability and continuity of groups by providing meeting places and support to group leaders.

Friendship Scout Troops

In August, 1967, a national Girl Scout Conference attended by 206 girls and adults focused its attention on service in the inner city.

From the meeting have come more than 50 specific recreational and tutorial projects for children in low-income neighborhoods.

Most new projects were based on past experience of local councils in similar undertakings. One conference project, for example, was to extend "Friendship Troops," something that was begun in Rochester, N.Y., in 1964.

Mrs. Roberta Hedrick, director of special services for Rochester Girl Scouts, recalls how the concept got started there: "Rochester was badly shaken by one of the first riots in 1964. By fall we were still asking ourselves what had happened and why, and what part—if any—our organization could play in helping to build a truly integrated community with equal opportunity for all."

They asked the Episcopal diocese's inner-city work director for advice.

"He spoke about the separateness of people in our community," Mrs. Hedrick continues. "He pointed out



Cadette Girl Scouts in Brooklyn, N.Y., regularly help out at Bedford-Stuyvesant Day Care Center, a community co-operative, where they teach children many skills, including reading.

that there can be no real understanding between people without communication—and no communication without contact. He suggested that we provide opportunities for girls and adults to get acquainted through working together on something of mutual importance. So we matched troops of the same age level from different geographic areas, and suggested they carry out some Scouting activities together.

"Brownies (the youngest girls) have gone on trips and tours, have hiked and played together. Junior

troops have shared outdoor and camping skills and have produced plays and newsletters together. Older groups have held joint discussion meetings and have carried out community-service projects jointly.

"From the feedback we've had over the past four years," Mrs. Hedrick concludes, "we can say that even minimal contacts help girls and adults to recognize similarities among all people and to discover that sharing differences can be rewarding."

Another result of the 1967 con-



Scoutmaster Juan A. Barbosa watches a boy "walk the plank" during a physical-fitness session. Mr. Barbosa directs the only storefront center for Cub Scouts in the country, located in a South Bronx neighborhood of New York City. It serves Negro and Puerto Rican boys.

ference has been day-care centers for children of working mothers. Some centers are in housing projects. Others are simple storefront operations. Sometimes Scouts work in projects such as Head Start.

Colorado Girls Experience

It seems a shame that no one from Mountain Prairie Girl Scout Council in Greeley, Colo., was chosen to attend the 1967 national conference because these Colorado

Scouts have had years of experience in serving migrant children in day camps.

They first responded to the special needs of Spanish-American children in 1954, partly as a result of their executive director's interest in her church's work with the migrant community. Girl Scouts now work in three migrant schools and in numerous child-care centers for preschoolers.

Their projects are badly needed.

Greeley's migrants come from Texas to work in sugar beets, beans, onions, potatoes, and peas. Entire families—everyone 14 years old and up—work the fields from May to August with the result that few of the migrant children attend school regularly.

Francine Simpson was one of the Greeley Scouts who worked with migrants for several years. She described some of the problems and triumphs she experienced while serving a combined day-care center and migrant school:

"The first day at the center the youngest ones were filled with tears. They didn't know what most of the toys were, and they couldn't understand our English. It was probably the first day some had spent without a member of the family close by.

"The second day brought more children because the older ones had told their families that the school and day-care center were of value. Where the bus driver had picked up one child, he now found three or four or six. The atmosphere of the day-care center also improved. There was less crying because we were no longer total strangers. The children were now ready to begin learning.

"By the end of the summer, the youngsters would run to the toys or to their friends—and sometimes we heard them using English.

"The following year I was a teacher's aide in the migrant school's kindergarten. Most of the children didn't cry, but many of them still didn't know quite what to do with some toys. Kindergarten was a classroom. They all had assigned seats with their names on the desks, and spent periods of playing, learning numbers, and singing and dancing. They learned the names of the toys, could recognize some numbers, and sang in English. Most of the children were very inquisitive and wanted to know more and more.

"Like the day-care center, the kindergarten children received hot lunches and had nap time in the afternoon. They were so willing to learn that you worked all the harder to help them.

"I'll never forget a little fellow

named Joe. He was one of the first to come to the day-care center, and he came the following year to kindergarten. The progress I saw Joe make during those two years was nearly unbelievable. He had been one of our 'long time criers' in the day-care center and was fairly slow in playing with other children. But during the last few weeks of the day-care center, he played just as hard as the others and began to learn some English.

"As the school bell rang for the second year of migratory school, Joe came to kindergarten. I don't think he recognized me, but there was no crying. Joe seemed to be one of the brighter children now, for he often asked about things—wanting to know what they were in English. Teachers learn from their students, too—I was picking up Spanish!

"Because of my experience with Joe, the day-care center, and the migrant school, I now am majoring in elementary education at Colorado State College."

Work With Many Groups

Agencies everywhere are anxious to receive the help of Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, now that they know they are available.

In Detroit in 1964, the United Community Services invited Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls to participate in planning an antipoverty program. Each agency was asked to place a full-time and a part-time worker in each of four target areas, and to open its organization to the people living there.

In Florida, the Citrus Council of Girl Scouts spearheaded two day camps for more than 200 youngsters, sponsored by Brevard United Fund. Children were referred by Headstart, the Salvation Army, Community Action Agency, and other groups. Boy Scouts helped staff both camps.

Another interesting story of cooperation comes from Birmingham, Ala., where Camp Fire Girls and United Methodist young people provided a day camp for almost 90 Negro youngsters in the city's Jordan Park area. Camp Fire leaders provided training finances, and acted as resource persons.

United Methodist high-school and college students taught their young charges everything from fingerpainting to swimming. Five Methodist ministers drove buses to take the youngsters to the park and the city zoo.

Things went so well that a winter creative arts program is being planned.

Next summer, the day camp will be back—for three or four weeks instead of one. Episcopalian young people will be helping then, and perhaps some of other denominations.

The honest reactions of the young leaders reflect the success of the program: "I learned that Negroes really are people," one confessed. "I would not trade this experience for anything."

Said another, "I never pass by Jordan Park that I don't look to see if I know anyone, and think about what we did there."

Another feels she "learned to accept things as they were."

Another young adult hopes the Negro youngsters they helped will remember that many care, that "not all people are Negro haters."

Birmingham's Camp Fire Girls executive, Joan Kent (an active United Methodist, too), was "extremely pleased that we could do this as a joint effort." She has invited other church groups to work with them in the future because "we can all make a greater contribution if we work together."

In countless other places Scouts and Camp Fire Girls are teaming up with churches to work with less fortunate people.

Needed: Leaders, Co-operation

There is another side—an unnecessary side—of the story of churches co-operating with Scouts and Camp Fire Girls.

On Chicago's near north side, in an increasingly Puerto Rican neighborhood, a dozen or so Boy Scouts were putting on a program for the parents and younger brothers and sisters who had turned out for family night. The gymnasium of the old Methodist church had a rough floor, broken windows, and paint peeling from the walls. But no one seemed to mind.

The Scoutmaster looked young and energetic, although he had been leading troops for 18 years. The boys—perhaps half of them in uniform—listened eagerly as he made routine announcements.

"I need some volunteers for next Saturday," he told them. "You'll be parking cars at a Catholic church. It's a special event—about 500 mentally retarded children are to be confirmed. You'll have to get up early . . ."

Almost everyone would be able to go.

After the boys and parents had left, the Scoutmaster and his wife talked about their efforts to help boys in their rapidly changing neighborhood through Scouting.

"We're not doing anything spectacular here," the young woman began with a sigh. "There are maybe 50 boys in the neighborhood of Scouting age. We get about 20 of them out."

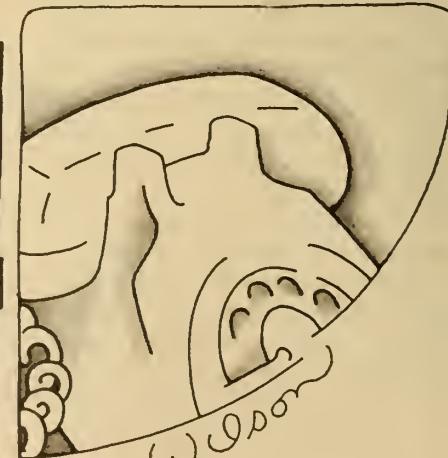
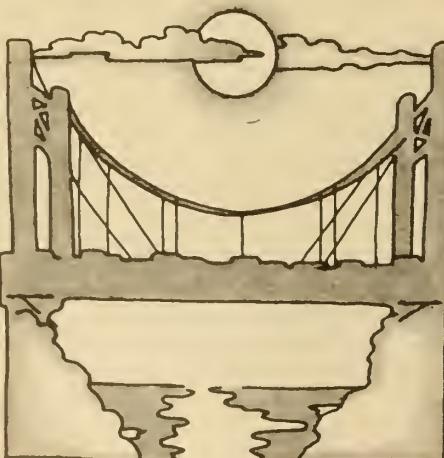
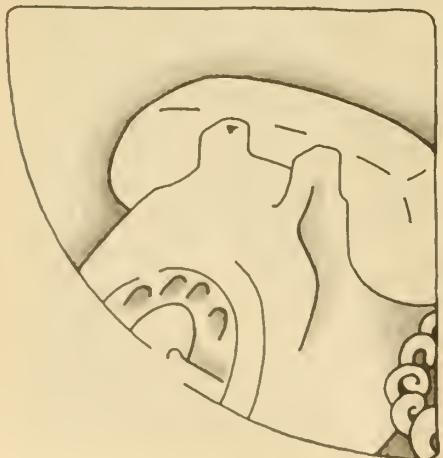
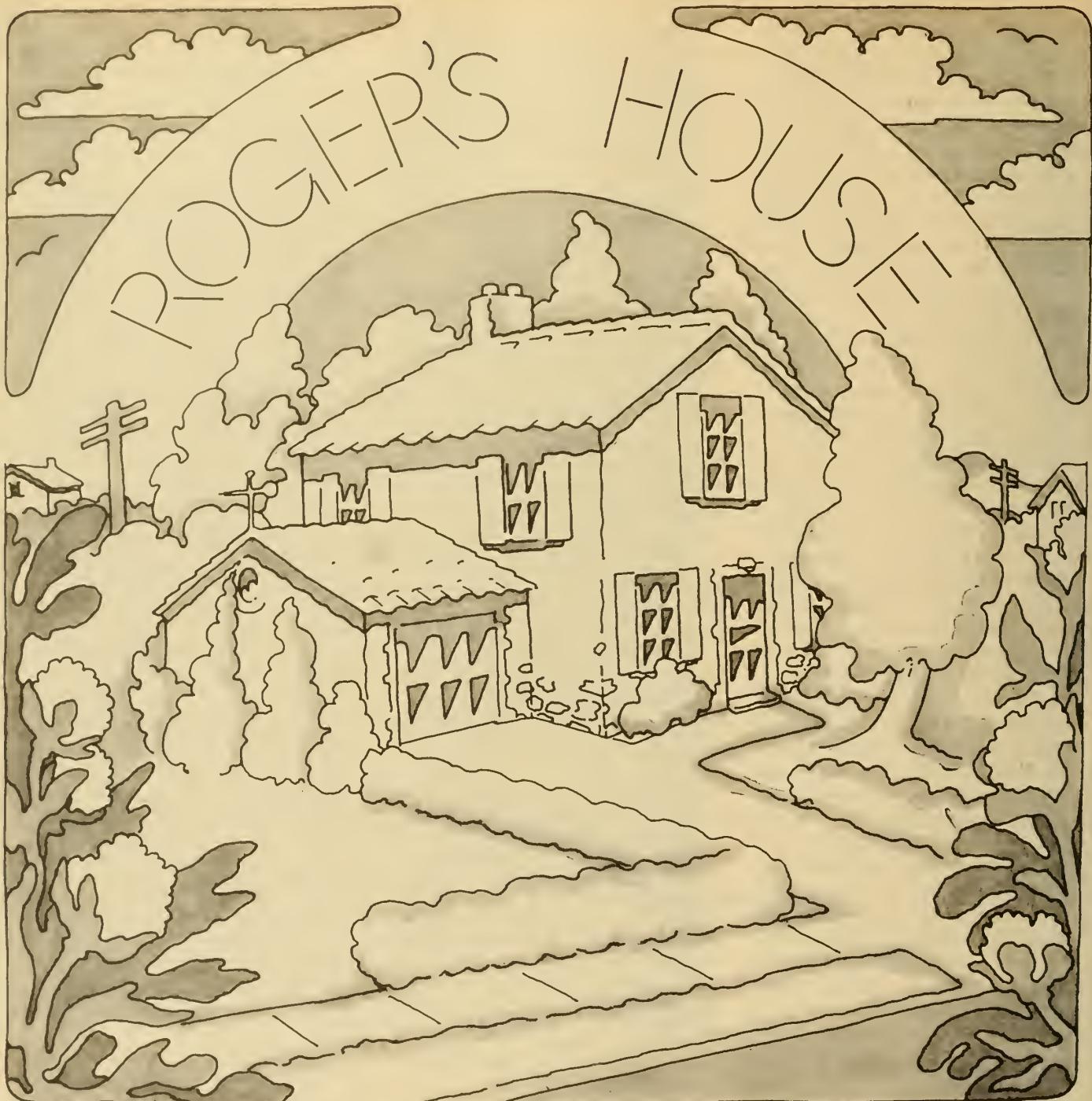
"We could get more," the Scoutmaster injected. "I'm not going out recruiting boys because I don't have a program to offer them. My job makes it impossible for me to handle the outdoor program. I need an assistant or two over 21 to help out, but no one seems to want to help."

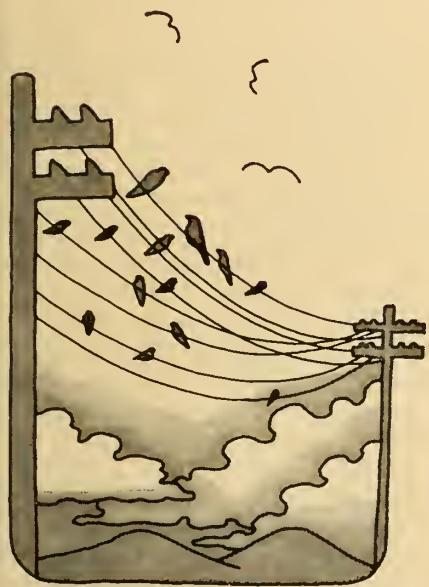
What help do these Scouts get from the church?

"Well, they let us use this building," he responded. "But for the past four or five years the Methodists haven't paid any attention to us. They don't know what we're doing, and we don't know what they're doing. I've invited the pastor to come to a meeting to meet the boys—maybe invite them to church. But he's never come. Now for the first time there's an institutional representative from the church. He might be good, we haven't had time to see yet."

"We'd like to see the church members all take an interest in these boys. Some of them can't become Scout leaders. Boys can't become good citizens through Scouting alone. They need the church, too."

"If only I could get some help," he said again, as he locked up the building and stepped out into the cold, dimly lit street. □





By BETTY L. ROUTH

THE ROUTINE was familiar: the shuffle into the bathroom, the slam of the door and click of the lock, the too fast, much too forceful squirts of water. I never could understand the water, whether it was for wetting the comb or liquefying the hair lotion.

Then Jim would emerge. I would take in the neat, wavy hair that even after a haircut looked a little long, the face pink from rubbing with pimple cream, the white tee shirt hanging out, almost flared at the bottom like a mini-skirt, the arms too long for the rest of him. My son, tragicomic figure of the turned-on generation.

"Okay if I go to Roger's house?"

It was a question-statement. Each time I heard it, it stirred the same pit-of-the-stomach emotion, a com-

bination of fear, trust, and doubt of the unknown. Why, I would wonder, was it always Roger's house?

Once Jim tried to explain this, which he himself could not completely understand, hoping that giving word-names to his reasons would make them more acceptable. In honest dishonesty, and sincere concern for my concern, he said that he went to Roger's house because Roger could not drive, because there were other friends on the same street, and, namely, because everyone went there. We were mutually respectful of the elusive truth. For Roger's house had many roles, none of which could be described accurately.

Its major part was acting as a halfway house, open to the confidantes of the half child, half man. Jim phoned for his first date from an ego-bolstering telephone at Roger's house.

The stage scenery there included a rack which gently but effectively completed the necessary stretching of the parent-son bonds. As act followed act, the scenery at center stage changed, but always leading into the wings there was a suggestion of a bridge, roughhewn and, at intervals, dangerous for stepping. The signpost at its near end spelled Boy, the one at the other end Man.

Gradually I recognized a trip to Roger's house on a loose-ends evening not only as a searching for companionship but a compelling drive toward freedom, even when Jim did not know from what he wanted to be free.

And who was Roger, whose house held such a claim on my son's thoughts and actions? He was every boy at an awkward age. He was short, and his appearance indicated that while he ate meals, they were neither regular nor nourishing. When he played water polo, it was with little spirit, and on the swim team he never really put out. His grades were low, notwithstanding the easy courses he ferreted. In fact, it seemed to me the only unusual thing about him was the magnet-pull he and his house had for my son.

This house of Roger's not only

contained a stage for growing, stretching, and freeing. It also presented an example of a way of life. Within its stucco walls Jim saw his first padlocked liquor cabinet and heard interplay between parent and child that negated his ideas of family love and fun and friendship. It was as if the parents were reversing the pattern and were trying, adult fashion, to escape the dependence of their children.

As Jim's 16th year passed, it seemed that raising this boy was almost too easy, and this in itself caused me uneasiness. There was none of the shouting and intentional door-slapping that had marked his sister's 16th year. With him logic and reason could be employed at our infrequent times of disagreement. He easily achieved scholastic As though he swam four miles a day during spirited attempts at improving himself and his stamina in water polo. But there was a quietness about him which his Hungarian coach, proud of his mastery of English, labeled "sneaky." And the continued compulsion toward Roger's house gave me the feeling that I did not really know my son.

PERHAPS I was right in being disturbed. The evenness of life erupted one night. Jim did not arrive home from Roger's house at the agreed-on hour of eleven. At three in the morning I wakened from half-slumber thinking I heard the screams of metal on metal, screeching brakes, a lurching car. An hour later Jim was brought home by a compassionate neighbor who was trying to sober him up. He was unlovely, disheveled, with vomit on his white jeans. He and three friends had met a fourth who had gotten some whiskey.

"So this is what goes on at Roger's house!"

He formed the thick, contrite words with effort: "No, Mom, this was the first and it is the last."

The dark, sick night of experimenting seemed to mark some sort of peak at halfway house. Now there was a downward swing in its

SUBWAY Samaritan

THE AIR on the platform was stifling—a blend of smells of the millions of commuters who travel on New York's subways each day. I had just gotten off an air-conditioned bus after a six-hour trip from a Pennsylvania farm where I had spent the long Fourth of July weekend. Now, I wearily followed the underground route from the bus terminal to the bustling Times Square subway station.

I walked to the front of the station and set my suitcase three or four feet from the edge of the platform. As I straightened up, I felt dizzy. Then, I blacked out.

My next recollection was of my head vibrating with the screams of someone nearby.

"Poor woman," I thought in my drowsiness, "someone must be seriously hurt."

I opened my eyes to find myself lying on the cement platform, the center of a crowd. My clothes were blood splattered and stained with large blobs of dirt, grease, and oil. I tried to sit up, but the searing pain that flashed through my head, coupled with the firmly restraining hands of a dark-skinned, heavily bearded stranger, forced me back to a lying position.

"You've had a bit of an accident," he explained in a voice that sounded British. "We've sent for the police and for an ambulance. Just lie still. You'll be all right."

The next few minutes were a kaleidoscope of impressions—rapidly approaching and departing trains, policemen arriving with their unending questions interspersed with bits of attempted humor. Above all, I recall the soothing voice and hands of the stranger who held my pain-filled head gently cushioned in his lap.

The doctor arrived and his fingers gently probing my body brought fresh waves of pain. I was carefully lifted onto a stretcher, and soon a smell of fresh air told me we were leaving the subway. Rain splattered on my face causing my eyes to squint with a fresh onset of pain. There were more face-

less questions and then the hard bed of the ambulance.

The last face I saw was that of the bearded man, who had stayed with me and comforted me throughout those endless minutes. He released my hand, smiled again, and said, "You'll be all right."

It took several relays of doctors working from 10:30 p.m. until 3:30 a.m. to care for my multiple injuries. Sixty stitches were taken on my forehead, nose, eyelid, and chin; and I had a chipped bone in my nose, five broken teeth, and a cerebral concussion. The doctors and nurses asked many questions but I remembered nothing.

The following day, I again saw my bearded stranger when he walked into my hospital room carrying a bouquet of white azaleas. I tried to smile, but pain caused me to return to the world of semiconsciousness.

My parents talked with the gentleman, and it was from them that I learned his name—Jacob—and that he is an exchange student from Saudi Arabia. He explained that he was standing a few feet away from me on the platform asking directions from a sailor when they saw me suddenly topple headfirst onto the subway tracks.

Both men jumped down after me, a height of about five feet, and tossed me back onto the platform where a third passerby rolled me away from the edge and helped my two rescuers to safety.

Jacob apologized for treating me so roughly. "We had to move quickly," he explained. "A train had already started into the station."

Jacob left the hospital room before I regained consciousness. I have never spoken with him myself. My parents, understandably upset by the shock, did not think to ask his last name or address.

So, he has stepped back into the anonymous mass of faces that make up New York City. But, to me, New York will never again be the cold city it once was.

—DOROTHY ROGERS

influence, no sudden let go, but a gradual lessening of its attraction. Still, it remained as necessary for my son as a pacifier is for an infant.

And so the winter of Jim's senior year passed, and with it the winter of his growing up. He visited Roger's house occasionally, but his stays there were an hour or less. At home there was more jocularity, more easy conversation. And then as daylight hours began to lengthen and graduation neared, Roger's house definitely changed. Physically it looked the same, but it had become a club for friends soon to be parted rather than a furtive meeting place where my son surreptitiously stretched the muscles of separateness and sought his own identity. No longer a crutch-habit formed during growing pains, it was simply the home of a friend, no longer needed but still accepted.

In the summer Jim had a lifeguard job away from home and lived in a beach house with three other guards. On pleasant visits home there was little mention of Roger's house. Jim showed a new openness and willingness to share experiences, a new appreciation of me rather than the old polite acceptance. He was outspokenly grateful for a breakfast of bacon and eggs—and for the fact that the endless piles of dishes were done by a mother.

Now the surfboard is back under the eugenia bush and the birches are beginning to yellow in the Sierras. Roger's house is more remote than ever. Jim—taller, tanned, more assured—calls Teri, Jane, or Kathy from our phone. Now he and I talk easily and in great friendship of college classes, girls, plans. He has no more need to break away from his parents, to make decisions away from home environment, to prepare for entry into the world of manhood. The need has been filled.

Somehow there is sadness in the absence of "Okay if I go to Roger's house?" Its absence means my son has become a man. The bridge at Roger's house has been crossed, and neither the going nor the arrival is important any longer, except as a memory. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

WE HAVE a hot debate going on in our mail. This time it is about dancing and Christian living:

"I am a girl, 16. In your column you said dancing was a 'worldly' activity. I agree. But then you said you encouraged your children to participate in this activity because it *is* worldly. I would like to ask you a question.

"If non-Christian people see Christians dancing how will they know we are Christians? Are not Christians supposed to be set apart from the world?

"You also said that dancing was 'vigorous, earthy, and above all alive.' Yet the music of today does not pertain at *all* to my Christian experience. How can Christians dance to the lyrics of today? Words that are outright filthy! Words like 'hanky-panky.'

"You said that God wasn't ashamed of the world he created, yet this was before the first sin was committed. God many times after this would have rather destroyed the earth than have all the sins committed against him. The earth is not good. Man has not become better. God is still forgiving.

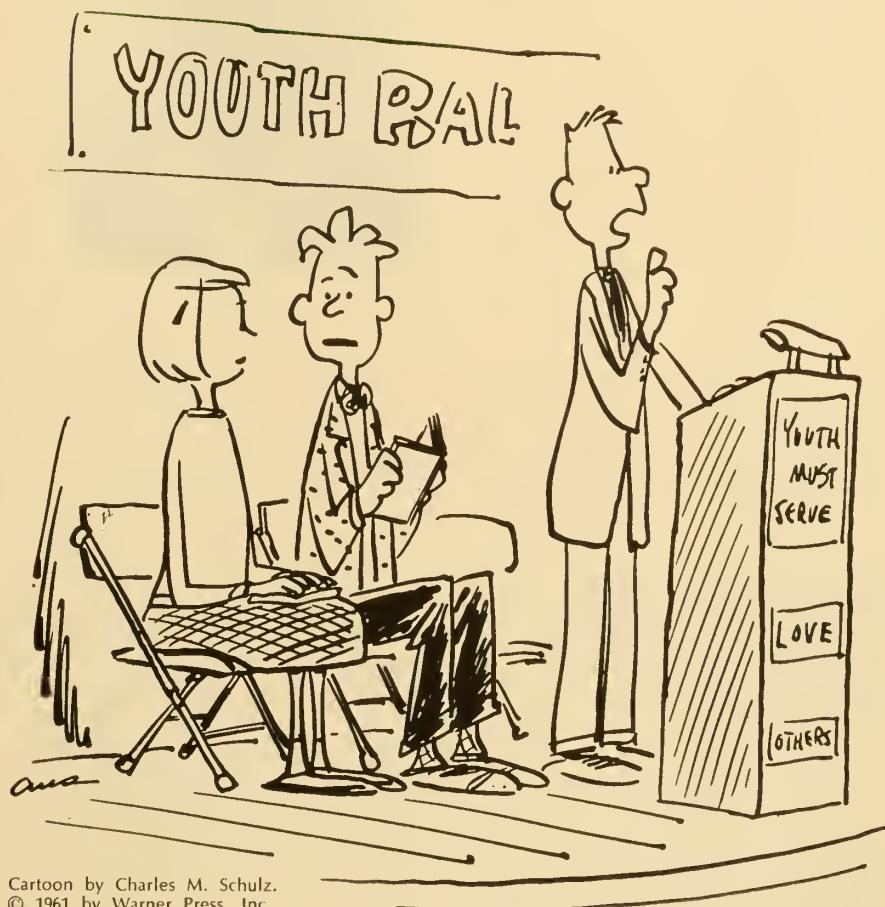
"One more thing about dancing. Many single mothers have been interviewed and quoted as saying that it was the music of today that 'turned them on.' Who should we be 'turned on' for—the Lord or this earth?"—S.M.

One part of our debate is the place of sex in a Christian's life. Some believe sex is a part of our animal nature or "sinful self." They believe we should be always on our guard to make sure that no thought or dream or act expresses sex interest. A true born-again Christian, they say, struggles heroically to hide his sexuality even from God.

When I speak on a college campus, I know in advance that most of the students think the church is against sex. They believe the Christian view is the animal-nature theory. Because they want to say "Yes!" to life and to their sexuality, they say "No!" to Christian morality as they see it. Even if they want to be Christian in other ways, they isolate their sex behavior in a no-man's-land ruled by a different set of values.

This is tragic because it is so unnecessary. The biblical view brings the good news that all creation belongs to God. The world is good! Our bodies are good! God made male and female, and saw all that he had made, and behold, it was very good!

The strong urge to reach out toward union with a boy or girl belongs



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz.
© 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I'll never be a good song leader. Trying to decide whether we should sing the first, second, and fourth verses, or the first, third, and fourth verses, or the first, fourth, and fifth verses is driving me crazy."

to God's plan for human life. The need to love, to be blessed with warm intimacy, needs no excuses or apologies. The gospel calls us to responsible self-discipline, but it never asks us to deny our sexuality or to hide in some dark corner in fear of our impulses.

If the Christian is not called to block every hint of sex interest or expression, what is he called to do? Isn't he called to express his boy-girl interest in appropriate ways? Intercourse in some drive-in is surely not such a way. But I believe dancing can be. Dancing is a way of proclaiming: "Hey! I'm alive! Isn't it great!"

Under proper conditions dancing can be a positive expression of our longing to be close to a boy or girl. It can be a public affirmation of our joy at being male and female. But dancing is not the only way to do this. Being with boys or girls at school and

church, talking with them, working and playing with them, dating and falling in love—all are wholesome and good. Do you agree?

qa

I am a girl, 14, and have a boyfriend who also is 14. I like him a lot. I think he likes me, too. Every time I see him he says "Hi!" to me and he always looks at me in school. But when he's with a group of other boys, he never even looks at me. Do you think he really likes me? If so, why doesn't he show it when he's with a group of other boys?—S.F.

Because he doesn't want the life kidded out of him, that's why. Boys his age are graduating to manhood. They usually worry about whether

Bishop Nall Answers
Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



What does 'stewardship on the job' mean? It means far more, in my judgment, than "giving a full day's work for a full day's pay," or even setting aside for good causes a portion of the pay check. It means examining the 20th-century world of work and assessing what the Gospel says on the use of energies, thoughts, time, and other resources that most of us have. It means helping society adjust to changes like those brought about by automation and cybernation.

Furthermore, this stewardship means facing the responsibility to change jobs, with all the retraining and retooling this requires. It means developing whatever discipline is necessary to maintain for oneself and one's family a sense of maturity and responsibility in providing for the common good. Big job, isn't it?

Whose heart is the transplant? The donor of the heart (or any other organ) gives it, whether or not he offered his consent before he expired. He cannot take back what he has donated. Therefore, the transplant belongs to the receiver, even though his body may reject it.

But, does the soul go with the heart? Of course, we cannot localize the soul in any part of the body, nor can we dissociate it from the body—if we use "body," as the scriptural writers did, to stand for the whole personality, the something, both human and divine, that makes every person different from everyone else.

So, we are continually giving our souls to everybody we meet, just as we accept parts of other souls and become richer from the experience.

What is meant by the "para-message"? This is really the message beyond the message or, to put it another way, the source of communication rather than the verbal or symbolic content of the message itself.

When we say, "I get the message," we are not usually thinking of this idea or cluster of ideas that makes up the real message. Who says it, when, and how he says it conditions what we think of what is said.

Marshall McLuhan to the contrary, the method cannot be identified with the message, even though they are inseparably related.

I. Otto Nall, long-time editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE and former head of the Minnesota Area, now is episcopal leader of the Hong Kong-Taiwan Area of The United Methodist Church. Address questions in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.—EDITORS

they have the stuff to make it. So they band together in masculine crowds to prop up each other's confidence.

Having anything to do with feminine-type people is a threat to them now. Yet they like girls so they go around like secret agents, letting girls know that they like them but at the same time trying to keep the other boys from finding it out.

Q2

I am 15 and have been going steady with a guy for three months. I recently found out we are moving to Minnesota this summer. I was wondering if I should break up or not. You see, we lived there a year ago and I know all the kids. None of them is as great as this boy. I think I'm really in love. So does he. He doesn't want to break up. My mom says I'll just start liking someone there. But I know I won't! What is your advice, Dr. White?—G.B.

Don't forget that the boys you knew in Minnesota are a year older now, and so much more mature and sophisticated. And they are going to be surprised to see how you have matured after a year of absence. You will surely find close friends there, but first you have to do your grief work. That means saying good-bye to your boyfriend, crying over your loss, dreaming about him, and telling him in your letters how much you miss him.

When you move, grieving over lost people and places is just as important as packing and the rest. Don't let anybody take away your right to be sad if you wish.

Q2

Recently I went to my family doctor for my yearly checkup. In that year's time my female organs had dropped completely, necessitating surgery. I was checked into the hospital. That evening, two nurses handed me a paper on which was written: "This surgery means that you will never have any children." Dr. White, it took two nurses to hold me down so my doctor could explain why this had to be done.

Why didn't the doctor tell me the truth in the first place? I am no child. Why didn't he tell me the whole story? I know it is wrong to feel this way, but in my heart, I will always hate him for what he did. I feel God is punishing me for something. He

took something from me and I will never get it back. I hate God for that.

Now, two months later, my feelings haven't changed much; in fact, my parents can't get me to go to church any more. I gave up my Sunday-school class. If God can take part of my life away from me, I can take something away from God.

My minister has begged me to come back to church. A friend who is a minister has talked to me, and it hasn't done one bit of good. I have just given up.—J.B.

Many people suffer emotional upset and depression after surgery. The kind of surgery you had disturbs the body chemistry, which makes the emotional turmoil even worse. Your physician can help to ease the hormone problem. A series of regular talks with your pastor can help to work through your grief and anger. Gradually you should be able to see things in more balanced perspective.

While a vital function has been taken from you, you are still a whole person. You can be married and raise a family through adoption.

The question of faith is: Can you face these new limitations and impossible demands with Christlike trust?

Q2

I am a girl, about 15. I have a great problem. Lately I've been working very hard and taking on a lot of responsibility. Naturally, I feel responsible for my brothers. The trouble is with my foster brother. He is almost seven years old and has the mentality of a three-year-old. Honestly! And medicine doesn't help.

He wets the bed every night, pulls tantrums, and has my mother in a state of frenzy. The welfare has his name enrolled in a boys school for the mentally retarded. His mother is very retarded. She threw him down the stairs when he was only a few months old. Perhaps he has brain damage. What shall I do?—H.M.

Apparently your parents have sought professional advice. That is good. A well-equipped home for the retarded may be the best answer. There your foster brother can get special attention and the training or education which best fits his abilities. You could visit regularly, and perhaps even bring him home for holidays. He may be emotionally disturbed rather than retarded. But only a trained specialist can tell.

Meanwhile, you can help out in whatever way possible. You cannot

be expected to carry a major part of the responsibility for his care, but you can do your bit. It is natural that sometimes you may feel a little resentful of his presence, ashamed of his behavior, or anxious about your mother.

Don't hate yourself for these feelings. They are quite human. Find an understanding person who will listen to you. That way you can work the negative feelings through and be better able to love your brother in spite of his hardship.

Q3

I am a boy, 15. I feel that I have had a good life so far. About two years ago I found a document that leads me to believe that I was adopted. I am afraid to ask my parents. What can I do? It has really bothered me!—C.S.

Are you sure the fact you are adopted is worth fretting over? No doubt it was something of a shock to find out you are a somewhat different person from the one you thought. But our personhood is mainly created through social experiences, especially within the family.

You are your foster parents' son, in every important sense except biological. They chose you for their son and created a good life for you because they loved you and wanted you. You might not have been so fortunate with your biological parents.

I would encourage you to discuss this with your parents at some time when it seems right to bring it up. People ought not to hide such important matters from each other.

Q4

When I was in the fourth grade, troubles began to sprout. I never enjoyed sports. I was no good and I didn't like them so I was a "sissy." You know how kids can be. I had few friends, most of which were girls. Then as I grew older I began to realize I had an artistic talent.

Also I found I was better off than my classmates moneywise. One day the class was asked if anything exciting happened over the summer. I raised my hand: "I went to France for a few days." As I look back now, what a mistake that was! Evidently I said a few other things like that. Even now kids ask: "I suppose you have a \$20 bill in your wallet."

I used to have some consolation as

I could use money for pleasure. I would live a split-personality life, "meek, mild angel" in the day and "wild guy" at night. To try to combat my "sissy" personality I started smoking and drinking. The only thing that got me was two hooked habits.

As a result of all this I am super shy. When a teacher calls on me I stutter and spurt out a soft response. I'm even afraid to face our pastor. My father has had a long record of mental illness, and I guess maybe I inherited some of it. I'm afraid of my dad. He takes everything out on me because I don't like sports. What can I do?—J.K.

You should know that mental illness is not inherited. Your father's illness could well have upset the family environment and cut into your self-confidence, though. You have discovered the "wild guy" route is self-defeating. Now you can seek more positive solutions.

Your family's money could be turned into a real asset if used wisely. Why not check into private schools? The right one could help you to develop your artistic talent and provide psychological counseling, as well.

Q5

I read the letter from C.T. in the August issue, saying how all the guys were calling her "weird, cold, iceberg, and queer" because she won't go all the way with them. That really made me feel sad to think those are the type of boys around her.

I am a senior in high school. I play football, am president of the student council, and a firm believer in God's power. I am going with one of the nicest girls I have ever met. The fellows were calling her "frigid" and other names. But I don't want her to go all the way. When I graduate from college we plan on being married, and I want to know no one has loved her the way I will then.

This girl should not give in. If a boy only likes her for what she gives him, he will not like her for what she is.—D.G.

Believe it or not, a lot of fellows still see it your way.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—YOUR EDITORS



Fred L. Teer, conferring here with his young assistant, Will McGaughy, was a longtime schoolteacher until last spring when he became head of the Model City Agency for East St. Louis, Ill.

People Called Methodists / No. 63 in a Series

Fred and Lila Teer:

Rebuilding a City

FRED and Lila Teer easily could afford to move away from the impoverished south end of East St. Louis, Ill. Most other middle-class Negroes have left the blighted inner city to buy homes in the affluent Lake Drive area on the city's fringe.

But the Teers have no intention of moving. For one thing, they are comfortable in the modest home, around the corner from Fred's mother's place, where they have lived most of their married lives. More important, both Mr. and Mrs. Teer are wholeheartedly dedicated

to the idea that for East St. Louis to be remade into a livable city, its black majority—about 65 percent of the 75,000 people—must take charge of its own future. And for that to happen, leaders are badly needed—leaders who know what life in the ghetto is like because they experience it daily themselves.

Sound like another case of black militancy? In a way, it is. But the Teers scarcely fit the popular image of wild-eyed revolutionaries. Both well educated, cultured, and articulate, Fred and Lila are middle-aged (56 and 54), are given to

such middle-class pursuits as playing bridge and tennis (Fred has 57 master points and a shelf of tennis trophies), and are longtime active members of Wesley-Bethel United Methodist Church where Lila was financial secretary for years and still prepares the Sunday bulletins.

"The kids want to change the whole world at once. You have a time convincing them that you have to take one thing at a time," says Fred. Even so, he would be hard pressed to show that either he or his wife takes "one thing at a



Years before he entered the Model City program, Mr. Teer envisioned a low-income housing development in his own neighborhood. The 62 townhouse units are now being erected on the site where he stands (top right).

Text / Paige Carlin

Pictures / George P. Miller

time." Their record of involvement in many phases of East St. Louis community life speaks for itself.

The Teers are among the most vital leaders the East St. Louis Negro community has. Both were graduated from the University of Illinois during the mid-30s when 98 Negroes were a tiny minority among 15,000 students on the Champaign-Urbana campus. Fred attended on a four-year scholarship, finishing his prelaw bachelor's degree in 3½ years and using the last half year to start work on a master's degree in education which



Speaking before the St. Clair County Board of Realtors, Mr. Teer stresses his belief that rebuilding East St. Louis requires participation by ordinary citizens. "When people are involved in the planning, they take pride in it," he says. The Realtors named a committee to explore working with the Model City Agency.



"She's something else," says Fred Teer of his wife, Lila, to which one of her workers at the Neighborhood Opportunity Center adds: "She's out of sight." Soft-spoken and refined, Mrs. Teer heads a staff of 12. "We have a beehive here," she says, referring to the varied activities of the center.

he went on to complete in 1942.

Returning home to East St. Louis with his bride in 1935, he began teaching fifth grade in the then legally segregated school system at \$100 a month. (His chauffeur-father had four younger sons and daughters to put through college, so it was time for Fred to get started earning his own living.) Lila, reared in Chicago, received her degree in home economics and went to work teaching homemaking skills to girls in the old NYA (National Youth Administration) program.

For 32 years, until last spring, Fred moved through the East St. Louis school system in a variety of roles—teaching high-school social-science courses, training musical groups, drill teams, and gymnasts, and finally organizing an extensive adult-education program which he supervised for three years. He now is on leave of absence from that job.

Today, both Mr. and Mrs. Teer

are deeply involved in the federal government's War on Poverty—Fred as director of the East St. Louis Model City Agency and Lila as co-ordinator of the South End Neighborhood Opportunity Center—the latter is a project of the St. Clair County Economic Opportunity Commission.

FOR an outsider, to look at East St. Louis today is to be depressed. By contrast with much larger St. Louis, with its gleaming Gateway Memorial Arch on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River, East St. Louis is an ugly stepsister. Its downtown area is old and decaying, best characterized by its sleazy taverns and crumbling brick buildings, many of them vacant. Most of its residential neighborhoods run from bleak to squalid, and an estimated 65 percent of its housing is substandard. The city government is perennially in financial straits; unemployment runs at a rate about

five times the national average; and nearly a third of the city's families are on some kind of relief.

In the face of the grim present, Fred Teer staunchly insists that the future of his city has great potential. Behind his desk in a cavernous, marble-pillared old bank building, now designated the City Hall Annex, he talks volubly about his visions for the future. "We've got everything to work with: the second largest railroad center in the country, a labyrinth of highways, increasing use of the river for cheap transportation, cheap land, new installations going up all around. This is the heart of the midland."

The fact that East St. Louis was included in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development's (HUD) first-round selection of 75 Model Cities is indicative of the general agreement that it is one of the nation's worst examples of urban decay. An astounding amount of federal funds already

has been allocated for various antipoverty efforts there.

For its first year in the Model Cities program, East St. Louis was granted \$1,205,000 to plan long-range goals in housing, transportation, employment, education, health and social services, and other community needs. Urban specialists from Southern Illinois University worked throughout 1968 with Mr. Teer and his staff—many of them his former students—to prepare proposals for submission to HUD. Further federal funds now are being sought to carry out these specific proposals.

In addition, federal grants totaling \$2,576,000 have been made for about 10 other programs. Two of the largest, of more than \$1 million each, are aimed at enticing industry back into the city and at training people in marketable job skills.

ONE of Mr. Teer's main concerns is that, in the hoped-for rejuvenation of their city, East St. Louis Negroes will not be shoved aside by more powerful "establishment" interests. For a time, Fred was involved in Progress and Action by Citizen Efforts, Inc. (PACE), a business-oriented group aiming for major residential-commercial-recreational redevelopment of the city. But he fell out with PACE when he decided "their plans called for a beautiful kind of construction we [Negroes] couldn't afford to live in. I told them, 'Nope. We want to build low-income housing.'"

Since that time—more than three years ago and well before his appointment to the Model City directorship—Fred has doggedly pursued the low-income housing goal. His appointment to the Model City job, in fact, was an indirect result of that pursuit.

It began when he first heard about provisions of the Revised Housing Act of 1965 which offered federal assistance to groups wanting to build low-income housing. He got a copy of the law, studied it carefully, and decided that it offered a natural opportunity for the Denverside Improvement Association, a south-end community group organized about nine years

ago as a part of a city-wide community development program aided by Southern Illinois University.

A reiteration of the Denverside project's history (it takes Fred about an hour to tell it) is an astonishing sequence of repeated failures and successes at overcoming obstacles—government red tape, chronic lack of money, labor-management troubles in the local building trade unions, all aggravated by mounting racial tensions.

The project's goal is the construction of 62 family units ranging from one to three bedrooms in size. The units are all to be in two-story town houses ("We don't want any family living above anybody else," Fred insists), constructed on a 3 1/3-acre site which the Denverside Association has put together piece by piece through county delinquent-tax sales. Estimated costs of the construction: \$1,129,280.

For purposes of obtaining the federal financing through the Federal Housing Administration, a separate nonprofit corporation was set up by the Denverside group with the co-operation of Illinois United Methodist Bishop Lance Webb. This Denverside Redevelopment Association includes on its management body four Denverside members and three named by the United Methodist District Missionary Society.

Four of the present members—three ministers and Fred, the president—are United Methodists. Five of the seven are Negroes; two, including the Rev. W. Harold Loyd, Bishop Webb's administrative assistant, and the Rev. Jack D. Travelstead, superintendent of the Southern Illinois United Methodist Annual Conference's East St. Louis District, are white. The church group's key role is to provide the "longevity" required by FHA to assure that the project's sponsorship will be as lasting as the 40-year term of the loan. No church funds are involved.

"This is a demonstration thing," Fred explains. "If and when it succeeds, it will open up many avenues."

Despite repeated setbacks, it does look now as if the project will



A chief activity at the center is rehearsals of Young Disciples, neighborhood youths now redirected to musical pursuits. They appear regularly around the St. Louis area and now have released a record.

succeed. Ground-breaking ceremonies were held last October, and the first buildings, hopefully, will be ready for occupancy late this spring. When that happens, Fred Teer's incessant preaching of "citizen participation" will have been vindicated. It's a phrase borrowed from federal legislation, and if Fred tends to overwork it in his speeches and conversations, it's because he has shown that he can make it work. His appointment to the Model City job was a case in point, following as it did a power struggle between an entrenched city administration and Black Unity, a vigorous, sometimes fractious coalition of Negro groups which he helped pull together.

But Mr. Teer is no black separatist. "It would never work that way," he says firmly. Remaking East St. Louis will come by constructive methods, not by violence. The city already has had its share of that, most seriously in late summer, 1967, and again in the wake of Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination last year.

LIVING and working in the heart of the ghetto, Fred and Lila Teer have been in the thick of it, trying to keep surging black militancy under control and convincing young south-end rebels to "cool it" both in their hatred of "Whitey" and in crosstown gang rumbles.

Following the King assassination last April, the Teers sheltered two white VISTA workers in their own home for three days to protect them from young black toughs. To forestall gang warfare on another occasion when Fred learned that south-end gangs were raising money to buy guns, he convinced the warriors to turn seven new pistols over to him. He got their money back on four of them.

"We've got some rough characters," he concedes. "I'm always getting some of them out of jail or going their bonds. My house is up right now on a bond for one kid that shot another guy," he says almost casually, then adding quickly, "It was accidental, though."

Now that he heads a public agency bound by federal law to

strict racial neutrality and dealing regularly with whites, Fred runs the risk of alienating some of his black supporters. So far, though, he says, "They don't call me an 'Uncle Tom.' I have too much rapport with these guys."

Even so, Fred's rapport with the young blacks owes a great deal to his wife's even closer involvement in basic issues of ghetto life. By contrast with his loquacious style and frenetic energy (he seems never to move at less than a run, rarely stops for lunch), Lila is soft-spoken and unassuming. But it becomes clear in conversation with her that she is a strong and competent leader.

As co-ordinator of the South End Neighborhood Opportunity Center for more than 2½ years (before that she spent 8 years with Southern Illinois University's Community Development Service), she heads a paid staff of 12 and many volunteers whose activities are directed primarily at a "target area" of 52 square blocks. Within that area, ringed and crisscrossed by railroad tracks, live some 8,000 people, almost half of them under 21 years old, all of them (except three VISTAs) Negro.

The one-time hardware store which the Opportunity Center occupies is the one substantial building in the entire area. Operating on a \$44,000 annual budget, the center offers five main programs: health (free dental and medical services, prenatal clinics, hygiene classes); homemaking (sewing classes, food-buying co-op, help for mothers in food buying, 4-H Clubs); recreation (musical groups, sports teams, parties, dances, and leisure-time activities); community action (door-to-door neighborly contact); and information and referral on social-welfare problems.

Among the activities for young people none has been more successful than the music program. The Young Disciples, doing a wide range of vocal and instrumental music, have performed as far from home as Chicago as well as on St. Louis television and at numerous public events around the metropolitan area. The music program, Mrs. Teer points out, has been a val-

uable tool to attract youngsters to the Opportunity Center and to involve both them and their families in other phases of its program.

Mrs. Teer's personality is reflected in the "family style" operation of the center. "My door is mostly open," she says—not just to the staff but to anyone who wants to come in for a chat or to seek help with a serious problem. The problems can be very serious indeed—poverty, sickness, narcotics, and crime, all of which breed rapidly in any ghetto. Fires are common, flashing quickly through the flimsy shanties to leave already destitute families with nothing—if they survive.

"My main job," says Lila, "is finding somebody who's on the ball and getting them into the mainstream. The potential is tremendous because they've got so far to go from where they are." Then she adds, thoughtfully: "It takes patience and a lot of faith."

BUT if the pace of change is slow and sometimes discouraging, there are rewards, too. "I can remember when one of our boys, a young man who had no parents and had been shifted around from pillar to post, wouldn't even talk. Now, because of the program here, he comes in regularly to visit and he's getting to have an identity. That kind of development, from hanging around on street corners and poolrooms to the point of wanting to be involved in society—that's real change."

As husband and wife, and as a leadership team, Fred and Lila Teer complement each other ideally. Each obviously respects the other as a competent professional and takes spously pride in the other's accomplishments. The multimillion-dollar Model City program and the Denverside housing project both fit the scale of Fred's dreams for a new East St. Louis. Lila's dreams are no less expansive, but many—including Fred—would say that what she and her staff are doing at the Opportunity Center may already be worth more than a million dollars to many a child, teen-ager, and adult of the south-end neighborhood. □



Browsing

in Fiction

With **GERALD KENNEDY**

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IBEGIN this brief survey of contemporary fiction with a personal tribute to my friend and colleague, Bishop Edwin E. Voigt. I do so because the first book I am going to write about concerns a college professor and a college sit-in.

Bishop Voigt after his retirement from the episcopacy accepted appointment as president of United Methodist-related McKendree College in Lebanon, Ill. I know of no other action by an individual in the last few years that has seemed to me more illustrative of a man who did not grow old.

No one becomes a college president these days without courage and faith for these are troubled times for colleges and especially for college administrators. I was on the McKendree campus a year or so ago and learned of the high regard for Dr. Voigt held by faculty and students. I learned also of new buildings constructed and real leadership given. It is good for United Methodists to be reminded of the kind of man Bishop Voigt is and of the kind of spirit his life exemplifies.

Now we turn to **THE ADDISON TRADITION** by John Morressy (*Doubleday, \$4.95*). This is about Professor Matt Grennan and his attempt to be a teacher and stay out of campus politics. He has had his fingers burned and is fired because he has not published. He has spent too much time teaching, and now he has decided not to let that happen again.

I do not know how true it is that a professor has to publish in order to succeed, but at least this is the common professorial complaint. It seems to me a rather strange thing that teachers should not be judged according to their teaching ability.

Matt Grennan goes to Addison College which is a conservative ivy-covered institution that has never had any trouble and does not intend to

have any. Matt decides to follow the rules, gain tenure, and live happily ever after. But suddenly he is dragged into a political plot to elect a certain man head of the English department. I know just enough about universities and colleges to recognize that this is a common case. You can find more political maneuvering among the faculty on a campus than in The United Methodist Church. I doubt if there is any group of men more involved in petty maneuvering and jealous plotting than in a school of higher education, unless it is in a graduate school.

Matt, who believes in freedom, becomes the advisor of the humor magazine. When the editor is suspended because of a satire on the Addison tradition, he is dismissed without a hearing. Suddenly Matt finds himself caught in a conflict of conscience as to what he ought to say and which side he should be on. Then he gets caught in a student sit-in. The thing that will save him is publication of *The Mechanics of Malice*, an idea for a book that has been floating around in his mind. Many preachers I know are going to write books someday, too, but never have time.

Of course, I had to look at the other side of this picture because I know several college administrators and a little bit about their problems. I have also served on a state board of education and know that some administrators are caught in a most uncomfortable trap. The young professor who wants to be the champion of freedom for the hippies and malcontents in the school finds it comparatively easy to make his pronouncements and take his stand bravely. But the man who has budgets to worry about, to say nothing about state legislatures or boards of trustees, has the burden of an institution and its future resting upon his

shoulders. He learns also that often these brave young rebels are simply spoiled kids who have never had any discipline or training at home.

As I intimated at the beginning, I do not know of a tougher job these days than being president of a college, and when I retire from the episcopacy, I am sure I would not have the courage to undertake it even if I had the ability. If there is any moral in this review, I guess it is simply that the more you know about both sides of the question, the less prone you are to speak so positively and certainly on either side. And this, my dear friends, is one of the dilemmas that every Christian faces in our world.

Now let me mention a couple of detective stories which I am not going to recommend so much as to describe. The first, '30' **MANHATTAN EAST** by Hilary Waugh (*Doubleday, \$4.95*), is about the murder of Monica Glazzard, a gossip columnist with a large following. There is nothing about her that is very admirable, nor about most of the people mixed up in this case. Lieutenant Frank Sessions, a tough, experienced detective and a bachelor, has a great deal of interest in women, food, liquor, and books (probably in that order). Of course, dealing with criminals is not likely to encourage the finer things of life.

I suppose a certain amount of slumming is justified in describing the world in which we live. But this book will not do much for you, and even as a detective story it is only mildly acceptable.

The other one is **SILVER STREET** by E. Richard Johnson (*Harper & Row, \$4.95*). Mr. Johnson, according to the cover blurb, is in Minnesota State Prison. This is his first book. Harper & Row calls it "a Harper novel of suspense." It is that, all right, and it is tough. A mysterious killer is on the loose, and there is the usual betrayal by a lady not trustworthy. So, what else is new?

I do hope, however, that Richard Johnson can get out of prison, make a living with his writing, and travel the straight road. I wish also that he might find some other subjects to write about and put the whole business on a higher plane. This is what is called being moralistic. It is looked upon with suspicion these days, and there seems to be only a small market for it. Still, there are other compensations and I dare to believe that some of you may feel somewhat the same about life and literature. □

Looks at NEW Books

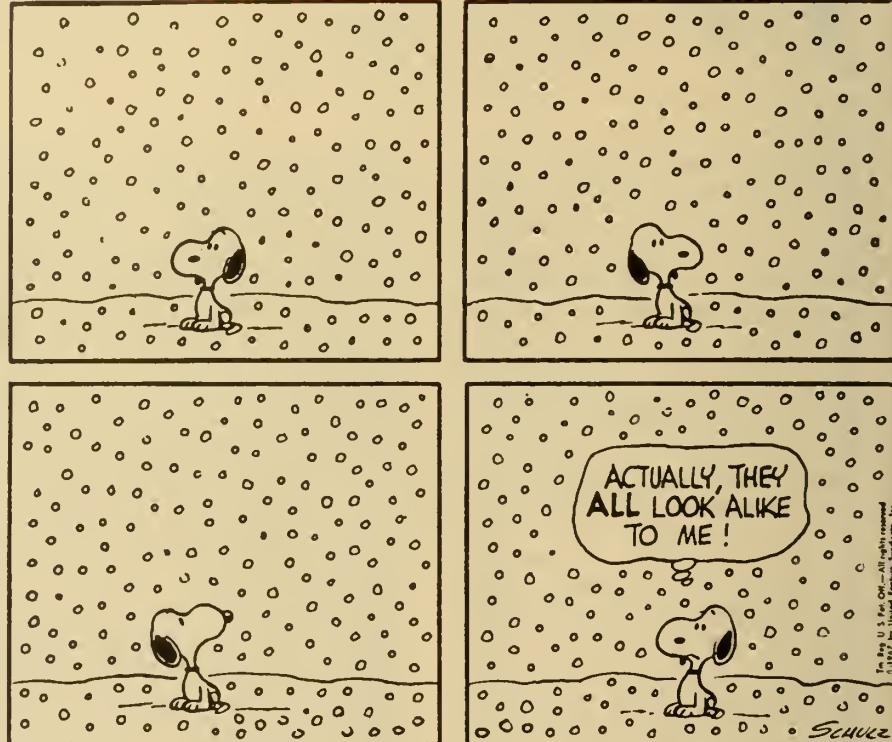
A THEOLOGICAL book by a seminary student was a runaway best seller a few years ago, and surprisingly it wasn't a book that tried to make an unsimple subject seem simple. On the contrary. In *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, Robert L. Short saw deep theological meanings in a cartoon strip.

Since then Mr. Short has become a United Methodist minister and a candidate for a Ph.D. degree at the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. It's amazing that he has had the time. He has made innumerable lectures on *Peanuts* as a contemporary expression of the Christian faith, and he has written a second book on *Peanuts* theology. The first book dealt with how Charlie Brown, Snoopy, Lucy, Linus, and the rest of the *Peanuts* gang portray the predicament of man. *The Parables of Peanuts* (Harper & Row, \$1.95, paper) suggests that they also offer some answers.

Even if you don't go in for theological commentaries, the 250 *Peanuts* cartoons in *The Parables of Peanuts* make it worth the money. They are some of *Peanuts*' all-time best. But if you prefer comic strips without commentary, or prefer going to the source for your theology, Charles M. Schulz's newest *Peanuts* paperback is for you. *You're You, Charlie Brown* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$1) takes Schulz's little people through a full year of snowflakes, baseball, and pumpkin patches.

A few months before his death in 1965 Martin Buber chose the selections from his work that went into *A Believing Humanism, My Testament 1902-1965* (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95). Thus, this volume in the *Credo Perspectives* series, planned and edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, contains some of the most significant and meaningful passages from the great Jewish philosopher's writing. It offers a new insight into the mind of the man whose "I and Thou" concept has been one of the major theological ideas of the 20th century.

Earlier in the day a native Zambian had dropped dead less than a hundred yards from Colin Morris' front door.



Sermons in snowflakes? There may be, but Snoopy doesn't find any in this strip from *You're You, Charlie Brown*.

In his shrunken stomach were only a few leaves and a ball of grass. Then the mail came, and in it Dr. Morris' copy of the *Methodist Recorder*, filled with debate over Anglican-Methodist union.

"Until that morning I had been enjoying the . . . war [debate]," Dr. Morris says. He is no stranger to ecclesiastical matters. An English Methodist minister, he has served as president of the United Church of Zambia since 1963. "It took an ugly little man with a shrunken belly, whose total possessions, according to the police, were a pair of shorts, a ragged shirt, and an empty Biro pen, to show me that this whole Union affair is the great Non-Event of recent British Church history."

He expresses his scalding shame over the church's failure to be concerned about the real issues, which have to do with the survival of hungry little men, in *Include Me Out!*

(Abingdon Press edition, \$1.25). This paperback is an impassioned call to the church to put first things first.

Is war ever justified? Princeton religion professor Paul Ramsey believes it is. "Peace and justice are not linked by an invisible hand, nor can political life endure without the use of force," he writes in *The Just War, Force and Political Responsibility* (Scribners, \$12.50).

Building the case for the responsible use of force in maintaining justice, order, and political community, Prof. Ramsey points out that a nation can't win something at the bargaining table that it isn't willing to fight for. He calls for a realistic philosophy of war and peace that substitutes the words "counter-forces" and "counter-people" for just and unjust. Counter-forces warfare alone can be justified, he argues.

How does this work out in connec-

tion with Viet Nam? Prof. Ramsey concludes that the U.S. forces in Viet Nam are not waging a counter-people war there in spite of the high rate of civilian casualties. "If the guerrilla chooses to fight between, behind, and over peasants, women, and children," he demands, "is it he or the counter-guerrilla who has enlarged the legitimate target, and enlarged it so as to bring unavoidable death and destruction upon a large number of innocent people?"

There is a basic weakness in his chapter on Viet Nam because he skips over an examination of the historical forces that brought about the war and drew the United States into it. Instead, he starts with the fact that we are there and with the assumption that our cause is just.

If none of this is acceptable to the Christian who is totally committed to peace, Prof. Ramsey's endorsement of responsible dissent and selective objection will be equally unpalatable to hawks. Both, however, should take note of his belief that "men who feel their conscientious moral and political objection to the prevailing judgment as to the justice of the overall 'cause,' etc., to run so deep that they cannot and will not participate in a particular war should not claim to be exempted from the consequences of such refusal."

The Just War is made up of writing Prof. Ramsey has done since the 1961 publication of his book *War and the Christian Conscience*. The former book remains the more fundamental statement of his beliefs about the ethical aspects of Christian participation in military force.

A powerful sermon for peace comes from World War II's most colorful Allied military leader. "There's nothing humane about war," says Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein in *A History of Warfare* (World, \$15).

Tracing man's aggression against man from the earliest human societies, Montgomery points out that the most common cause of warfare among primitive peoples is overcrowding. Another fundamental explanation may be the deep-rooted desire of men to belong to groups, he speculates. And he admits that war can appeal "because it is exciting."

If a nation is to make peace instead of war, he believes, three vital factors are needed: military strength, courageous diplomacy, and public unity. The United States had all three at the time of the Cuban missile crisis, he observes.

In peace, and in war, Montgomery is convinced that a leader cannot in-

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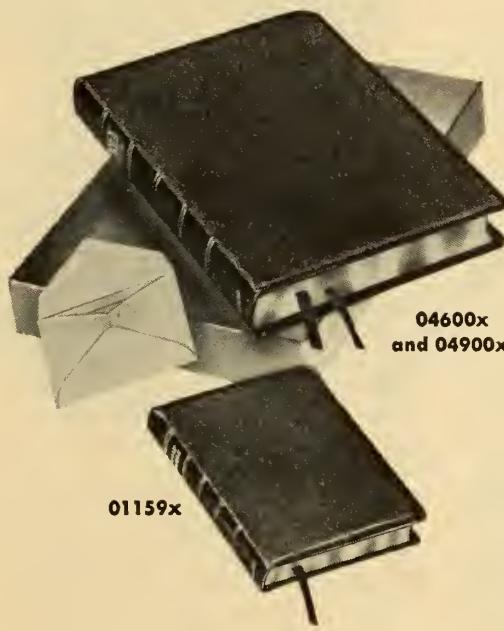
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spire armies, or individual men, unless he has a sense of religious truth; and he believes that a nation must stand for something of spiritual and not merely material value.

Montgomery is a fighting man who is proud of his craft, but his keen sensitivity to the deep moral problems inherent in warfare and his vivid writing style make this a book that should be read by everybody, particularly militant seekers of peace.

The warm waters of the Gulf Stream meet the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean off Newfoundland. Where these mighty rivers clash, the seas are so turbulent even the cod-fish get seasick, and fog blankets the surface of the water. Here the floor of the ocean has thrust upward to form a plateau 350 miles long and 200 miles wide. In the relatively shallow waters above it flourishing sea plants feed great schools of fish. This is the Grand Bank.

For 500 years or more sailors have fished these teeming waters and the waters above the neighboring Newfoundland Banks, but now the age of their abundance is over, ended in 1955 with a Russian fisheries research ship that was the forerunner of a vast fleet of Soviet trawlers with murderously efficient nets that permit year-round trawling.

Bern Keating writes of the banks as they were, and as they are, in *The Grand Banks* (Rand McNally, \$9.95). Illustrated with excellent color photographs by Dan Guravich, this book is a fascinating record of the banks' past and present and a disturbing forecast of their future.

Birth control and clerical celibacy are not the only issues involved in the crisis of authority sweeping the Roman Catholic Church, but they are central in a revolt that puts the question squarely to each individual Catholic: Are you going to be guided by Rome or by your own conscience?

Clerical celibacy has been an obligation in the Roman Catholic Church since the fourth century. Since Vatican II, married deacons may be admitted "in emergency cases," but the Roman Catholic priest who marries must expect excommunication. Mainly because of the celibacy requirement, more and more of them are leaving the priesthood. It is estimated that the number in the United States alone is somewhere between 4,000 and 15,000. Nuns, too, are leaving their orders, often to marry.

Married Priests & Married Nuns (Ramparts/McGraw-Hill, \$6.95) gives a hearing to priests and nuns who have left their orders for marriage or,

in a few cases, for other reasons, also to priests who remain in the church but are willing to say openly that they look for the time when the decision to marry or not to marry will belong to the individual. Edited by Catholic lay theologian James F. Colaianni, this book provides valuable insights.

The first American priest to acknowledge his marriage publicly was Father Anthony J. Girandola. He compounded this defiance by opening the first and only church in the world for excommunicated Catholics. He tells his own story in *The Most Defiant Priest* (Crown, \$5.95). It is absorbing and highly controversial.

"Remember me? You saved our marriage . . ."

"You nursed me through the cholera many years ago . . ."

"I was one of those camp-meeting rowdies who tried to stone the preachers' tent one time. Now my son is a minister . . ."

"I'll never forget a sermon I heard you preach when I was a girl; it changed my life."

"If it hadn't been for you, I'd probably be in jail right now . . ."

The people kept coming. It was Peter Cartwright's "year of jubilee," 1869, and he was retiring. For 65 years he had been a minister in the former Methodist Episcopal Church. When he had come to the Illinois frontier in 1824, there had been only a few scattered settlements, and hostile Indians had roamed the wilderness. He had preached at least 16,000 sermons—in a voice that could be heard above the thunder. He had baptized some 15,000 children and adults. Ruffians who had come to heckle remained to pray.

Peter Cartwright, Pioneer Circuit Rider (Scribners, \$3.95) is his story, written for young people by Nancy Veglahn. The wife of a South Dakota United Methodist minister, she has given us a warmly human portrait of a great minister and human being.

In view of all the things they do, it is surprising when a minister's wife finds time to write a book. But some minister's wives do, and some of the books are good ones.

Martha Hickman, whose husband, Hoyt, is minister of Cascade United Methodist Church, Erie, Pa., is the author of a low-key, sometimes humorous, always good-humored book on parsonage life. *How to Marry a Minister* (Lippincott, \$3.95) is full of doorbells and telephone bells, greetings and farewells, meetings and moving vans.

Jean Reynolds Davis, wife of an Episcopal rector in Gladwyne, Pa., has

written a novel in the form of letters to God from a busy wife and mother. *To God With Love* (Harper & Row, \$3.95) goes deep into human problems, doesn't come up with all the answers. Mrs. Davis is a woman who cares and who can express herself warmly on a page.

The wealth of America's religious organizations gets close scrutiny from magazine writer Alfred Balk in *The Religion Business* (John Knox Press, \$3).

This is not a small subject. American religion, says Balk, "has become an economic behemoth," and has assumed the broad characteristics of a business.

He quotes a study estimating the "visible assets" of American religious organizations as worth at least \$79.5 billion, almost double the combined assets of the country's five largest industrial corporations. And he points out that churches are in such unchurchly profit-making businesses as department stores, office buildings, radio-TV stations, and girdle manufacturing.

The appendix, which takes almost as many pages as the text, carries excerpts from church-policy statements on religion's traditional immunity from taxes. Balk summarizes them: ". . . most agree, greater wealth—more property, more privilege, more materialism—can never be the instrument of the churches' salvation."

Inflation. . . . The gold drain. . . . The price of the dollar. . . . Why the United States will not have a major depression. . . . These are the things University of Chicago economist Milton Friedman discusses in *Dollars and Deficits* (Prentice Hall, \$5.95). This is a timely book, and interesting.

Eugene O'Neill may well have been America's greatest dramatist. Certainly his pioneering laid the groundwork for nearly all serious drama that has come after him.

Louis Sheaffer gives us a compelling record of his early years in *O'Neill, Son and Playwright* (Little, Brown, \$12.50), which traces his life from his birth into a distinguished theatrical family to the successful first Broadway performance of *Beyond the Horizon*, in 1920. Seven years of research went into this first half of a projected two-volume biography of the playwright, and it is as authoritative as it is compassionately revealing.

Like Eugene O'Neill, Louis Sheaffer is a splendid writer.

The Real Jesus: How He Lived and What He Taught (Doubleday, \$3.95)

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is not startlingly different from other books on this theme. But Louis Cassels is a good writer, and so it has merit.

Cassels has done a more impressive job with *Your Bible* (Doubleday, \$4.95). This offers a useful plan for reading the Bible in a logical rather than chronological order. It also tells how the Bible came to be, how it can be interpreted today, how to select the right version or translation for you, and how to use concordances, commentaries, and other aids.

Fans of Jane Merchant, and they are many, will be delighted to know that she is the author of a book of meditations on James 1:17-27.

Every Good Gift (Abingdon, \$2.50) uses Scripture and Jane Merchant's own poems and prayers in response to the Letter that reminds us: "Every good endowment and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights with whom there is no variation or shadow due to change."

"Three bushes, two shrubs, and one tree, / The suburbs are good for the children, / But no place for grown-ups to be."

Judith Viorst, who writes genuinely funny verse, dreamed of orgiastic pot parties and fleeting moments of passion, wound up in the suburbs with a husband, three sons, a washer-drier, and a car pool. She tells it like it is in *It's Hard to Be Hip Over Thirty and Other Tragedies of Married Life* (World, \$4). Every woman who worked before she married will find echoes of her own experiences in this amusing book. Hopefully one will be that: "Despite cigarette cough, tooth decay, acid indigestion, dandruff, and other features of married life that tend to dampen the fires of passion, / We still feel something / We can call / True love."

Several novels I've read recently keep sticking in my mind. They are not necessarily the best of the crop, but I have enjoyed each of them for a particular reason.

It is Paul Horgan's beautifully etched style that makes *Everything to Live For* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95) a work of art. This is Greek tragedy in contemporary setting: the story of a young man who was rich, handsome, talented, even beloved, but was impelled inexorably toward his own death.

With *The Hurricane Years* (Little, Brown, \$7.50), it is an idea. Novelist Cameron Hawley subscribes to the medical theory that it is not stress per se but the stress of trying to

accomplish meaningless goals that brings psychosomatic and psychogenic disorders upon us at earlier and earlier ages. Hawley is a competent writer, and Judd Wilder, advertising man who has a heart attack, becomes a real person in this book as do his wife and others at the hospital and back at the carpet factory. *The Hurricane Years* is an absorbing book with an important message.

Palace of Ice (Morrow, \$4.50) brought Tarjei Vesaas Scandinavia's coveted Nordie Council's Literature Prize. It takes us into the inner worlds of two 11-year-old girls, and they are at the same time innocent and mysterious. One of the girls is lost in a great pileup of ice at the foot of a waterfall, and the survivor must struggle with the bonds of a friendship that does not die so quickly.

Miss One Thousand Spring Blossoms (Little, Brown, \$5.95) is an improbable but highly satisfying love story. The lovers are an American engineer and Japan's number one geisha. They are people of character and principle as well as charm, as are the people the engineer has come to Japan to do business with, and John Ball tells the story engagingly. It is good escape reading.

Mr. Budge Builds a House (Chilton, \$3.95) is such a good-humored and interesting book about how man has built homes for himself from caves to cottages that I don't think readers from eight or nine up are going to worry because author Gareth Adamson is English and the house he builds is of good, sturdy brick. This is a delightful book about home construction, and if building practices in American subdivisions are different it still gives readers a good basis for asking questions and understanding the answers.

One of the least known American heroes is James Forten. Born 10 years before the American Revolution, this free Negro was one of the earliest leaders in the battle for Negro freedom and rights. As owner of the leading sail-making shop in Philadelphia, he became very rich, and the major part of his wealth was spent in the cause of abolition.

Esther M. Douty tells his story in *Forten the Sailmaker* (Rand McNally, \$4.95). Young people will find it absorbing, and parents who do not know about this great American should not fail to read it, too. Most of us, in fact, are entirely too ignorant about Negro history, and we have a lot of catching up to do in a hurry. Books such as *Forten the Sailmaker* offer some shortcuts.

—BARNABAS

Space Problem Solved... With Style!

UNITED Methodist-related Hendrix College, in Conway, Ark., was looking for a down-to-earth solution to a problem—and that's just where it was found.

The problem was choosing a location for a new library. Because the library is at the center of a liberal-arts education, the building seemed to belong at the hub of the campus wheel. But the only available space was the central campus mall. To place the building there would have violated the spatial relationships of surrounding buildings and obstructed the only clear vista on the campus.

The solution: build the library underground—18 feet below the mall. The two-level structure has space for 115,000 volumes, free from harsh light, dust, and humidity, the three worst enemies of books.

Above ground the mall has been transformed into a series of subtly graduated gardens and walks that terminate in a sunken court.

After using the library for more than a year, students and faculty members ask: Is there any other way to build a library?

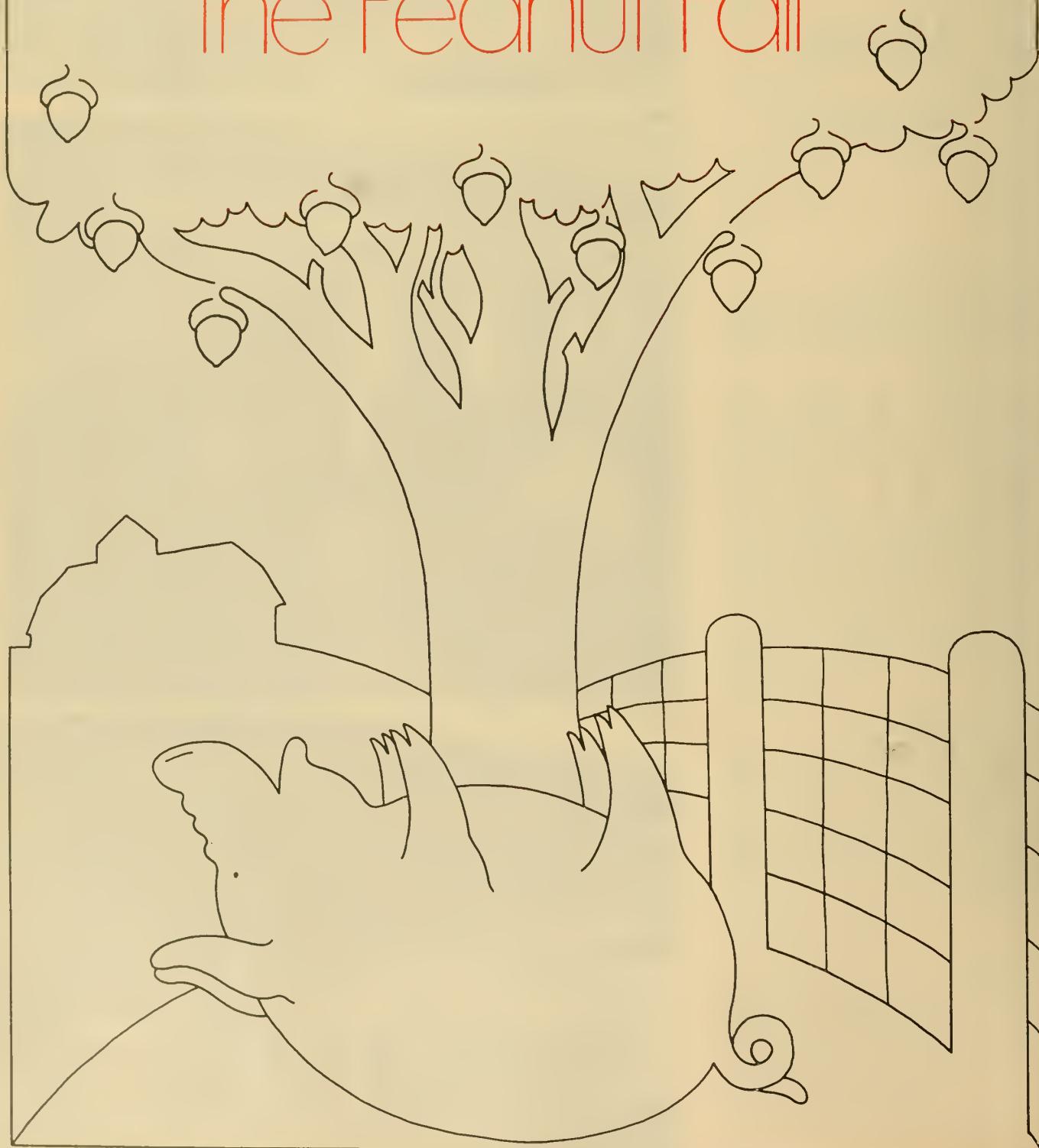
—MARY FINNERAN

The pleasant view across Hendrix College's central mall remains intact, but below ground, at the center of campus life, is a new library, its main entrance just a few steps down from a sunken court.



Together with the Small Fry

Paddy Pig and the Peanut Pail



IT WAS A warm sunny afternoon in the barnyard. All the farm animals were napping. The doves dozed in the elinaberry tree. The chickens sat quietly in their coops. The old dog lay on the back step, too sleepy to snap at a buzzing bumblebee. Underneath the porch the brown and yellow-striped eat cuddled her litter of kittens.

All but one animal that is.

Paddy Pig was stretched out on his back under the scrub oak.

His eyes were open and so was his mouth. He was hoping an acorn would fall into it. But the acorns were not ripe or ready to fall.

Paddy knew this but he hoped anyway. Next to peanuts he liked acorns best. Peanuts were a real treat but he only got them at the end of the summer when they were dug and the poorer ones thrown his way.

The harvesting had just begun. Paddy smacked his lips as he thought of the peanuts. He could hardly wait.

Too bad a wire fence with a gate separated the barnyard from the delicious "goober patch."

Paddy got up and trotted over to the fence. It would do no harm to take a look. He sniffed at the gate. To his surprise it moved. Someone had forgotten to fasten the latch!

Paddy's little white corkscrew tail gave a wag of pleasure. He pushed open the gate and scampered out to the field.

All the other animals slept peacefully.

Suddenly a loud noise echoed from the peanut patch!

Bang! Clang! Bang!

Over and over again came the sounds.

The doves pulled their heads out from under their feathers. The chickens clucked and flapped their wings. The old dog lifted his head to look through the fence. The eat shook off her kittens and crept from under the house.

Then all the animals sighed together, "He's done it again!"

And of course they meant Paddy Pig.

"Remember how he tripped the farmer's wife when she held a basket of eggs," a young hen asked. "and broke them all?"

Remember how he rolled in a

big mud puddle then shook himself near the clothesline?" the old dog reminded them.

The eat said nothing, but she thought to herself about the times when Paddy had drunk her saucer of milk. But naughty Paddy had done that so many times and they all knew it.

The animals turned to look through the fence toward the peanut field.

Clang! Bang! Clang!

It wasn't hard to see what had happened to Paddy. He was running up and down between the rows of peanut plants and he had a tin pail over his head!

Clang! Bang! Clang! Squeal!

The noise was terrific!

Because he couldn't see where he was going, Paddy bumped his head against the ground and against the bushy plants. This made the pail clatter and ring, and the sound hurt his ears. Then he would squeal, and the echo of his own voice frightened him even more.

And it was all Paddy's fault for being so curious and greedy.

The farmer had been harvesting peanuts and had left a pail half full of the delicious nuts lying on the ground. Paddy had spied the pail and couldn't resist the temptation. When he put his head in, he tried to cram all the nuts into his mouth at one time. This made his

cheeks bulge out against the inside of the pail.

He could have opened his mouth and let the peanuts fall out. But he never thought of that. How he did love peanuts!

Paddy's squeals and the banging of the pail brought the farmer's wife to the back door. When she saw Paddy, she knew exactly what had happened.

"Serves you right for trying to make a hog out of yourself," she said. "I have a mind to let you get out of this one yourself!"

But as she watched poor Paddy stumbling blindly around the field, she took pity on him and went out. She grabbed the pail and finally Paddy opened his mouth, the peanuts fell out, and he was free.

"Now shoo!" said the farmer's wife. "You'll get your share when the harvesting is done."

Paddy trotted back to the shade of the scrub-oak tree. He knew the other barnyard animals were laughing at him but he pretended not to see.

He lay on his back, shut his eyes, and opened his mouth. Pretty soon one very early acorn fell off the tree. Paddy chewed it slowly.

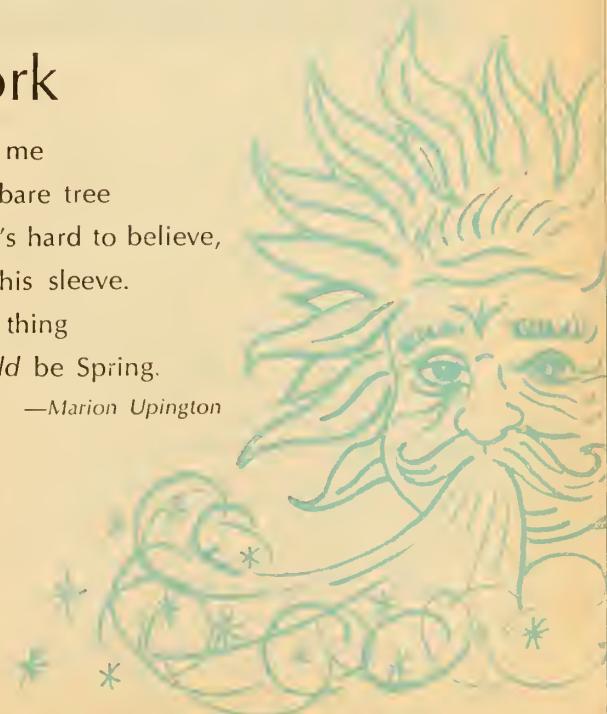
"It's not as good as a pail of peanuts," he told himself, "but it's not as noisy either!"

And with that thought he went to sleep. —KATHLEEN BRIGGS

Guesswork

Don't tell a soul, but a bird told me
That a gossipy squirrel in a leaf-bare tree
Said the wind told him, though it's hard to believe,
That Winter has something up his sleeve.
It's a secret still and a guesswork thing
What the Winter has, but it could be Spring.

—Marion Upington





Letters

What About the Language Gap?

JOHN F. REEVES
Palo Alto, Calif.

In the January issue, Stephen Griffith eloquently expresses the feelings of many young people about the church's failure to talk to them. [See *A Student's View of Christianity*, page 47.] But in most of our local churches nothing is done about it, and the young stay away in greater numbers each year.

Not long ago one of the young ladies in my high-school Sunday-school class asked, "Why must we use such archaic language in the ritual? Nobody speaks that way any more. It's so ludicrous that sometimes I can hardly keep from laughing in the middle of the pastoral prayer."

I thought her complaint was justified and took it up with the minister. From him I got some words about "liturgical revival," "need for mystery in worship," and the like. Though he and I are of the same generation, I could not understand what he said.

How can we expect our youths to understand across the generation gap as well as the archaic-language gap? I wonder if that young lady, now a college student, is still going to church.

Student's View Belittles God

GERALD M. VANDYKE
Cordell, Okla.

Stephen Griffith's article, *A Student's View of Christianity*, belittles God and downgrades Christianity in no uncertain terms. There can be no legitimate reason for such articles to be printed. About the only excuse would be that the writer has the right to be heard under the so-called right of free speech, which is hogwash.

Is *TOGETHER* financed and published for the purpose of disseminating communistic and atheistic views? Is it the duty of a United Methodist minister to permit atheists to occupy church pulpits and lecture against Christianity and God? No! I believe a minister also is deeply obligated to see, if possible, that his church members are not exposed to magazine articles which belittle the idea of God, that question the answers Christianity gives, and that say Christianity is hardly to be

considered a thinking man's religion.

There is one statement, out of many in the article, that definitely sounds Marxist: "For religion appears to be the necessary prop of much that is bourgeois and repellent to us." In substance, that is a very favorite expression of Marxism. There is no doubt about the real belief of the author, no matter what school he is attending or what his avowed mission.

It is the profound duty of every minister to protest strongly the printing of atheistic views in our United Methodist publications. They should demand that policy be changed, and if it is not, they should take the strongest possible action against the editors and the magazine, to include, if necessary, advocating that all members discontinue their subscriptions to the publication.

Examples Not Exaggerated

J. TOM OSCHWALD, Deputy Dir.
Civilian Conservation Center
Branchville, Ind.

May I commend your article in the December, 1968, issue, *A Chance to Make It* [page 62], as being very realistic and informative. Being the pastor of the Branchville-Rome-Oriole Charge of The United Methodist Church, while serving as deputy director of the Branchville Job Corps Center for the past two years, I have an oppor-



"Can you give Harold a quarter and let him come out to play?"

tunity to see the Job Corps program from both sides. You have not exaggerated the examples, for I could add many personal case histories to the ones you have published. Many are the young men whose futures suddenly have been enhanced by the training received in Job Corps.

Much could be said also for the JACS (Joint Action in Community Service) volunteers who blend compassion and goodwill with active involvement in assistance given at a critical time—often when success or failure hangs in the balance.

Your factual article should help to counteract some of the distortion and out-of-context quotations so often indulged in by the news media.

Will Church Degenerate?

MRS. HOLGER N. ELMQUIST
Warren, Pa.

Referring to the article *The Future Is Upon Us* [January, page 28], I am glad I will not be here for the church in "electropolis." In all this disturbing article these lines from page 30 are the most disturbing:

"Faith will shift from a primary concern with the inner life and controlling human conduct to the broader sphere of interpreting history and human events and giving impetus to human possibilities of the future."

This sounds like the future of the church is a degeneration into a humanism that leaves God out. The article contains no mention of the Bible which fact in itself is revealing and quite disturbing.

I am happy to be a product of the "old church" with its emphasis on prayer, meditation, communion with God, and the "practice of his presence" in religious experience. For out of the life whose center is God comes the social conscience.

How Can Transition Be Made?

JAMES WEEKLEY, Pastor
Pearblossom Community Church
Pearblossom, Calif.

Allen J. Moore's treatise *The Future Is Upon Us* was long overdue. It should be required reading for all church-school personnel and students. Certainly the church and its educational program are caught in the precarious whirlwind of change, and in order to administer the Christian gospel of reconciliation to broken and secular man, the total church (including the educational arm) must explore new concepts and employ all available media.

However, I had the feeling that the article could have been more thorough in its analysis of the plight and projection of Christian education. What is the role of Christian education in the transitional period? We cannot abandon

the present church-school structure regardless of how antiquated it may appear. To secure the future goals of Christian education, we must somehow work through the church school as it now exists.

Also, what about our "new day" church-school literature, which is very much "with it" and which, if utilized properly, can compel Christians to become increasingly aware of the issues of their time and equipped to respond. Can our literature occupy a distinctive role as a renewing agent for religious education of the future?

Finally, I totally agree that the church could serve as a "meeting place for social agencies and other personal service groups," but I have difficulty with the statement which follows: "Supporting broader-based programs of this sort is better than establishing competing ones under the guise that they 'are Christian.'" To be sure, the church will become more effective if it co-operates with existing social agencies whenever possible. But why discard the name "Christian"? Why water down the conviction that we are a servant church functioning in the name of Christ?

I look forward to more provocative articles like this one in *TOGETHER*. What we need more of in these crucial days is an informed laity challenged by new concepts which create building stones to renewal.

Renewal or More of the Same?

MRS. FLORENCE PENDERGRAST
Morris, Minn.

I am a bit sad to know that I am reading my last issue of *CHURCH AND HOME*. I have received it for about four years and have clipped and saved many good articles.

Now in this January issue is *These New Times Demand a New Church* by Robert K. Hudnut. I agree with him 100 percent. He suggests the only way to get the church to be the living, breathing body of Christ, doing his work in the world today. But is there any real chance that this will come about?

When The Evangelical United Brethren Church and The Methodist Church joined hands, there was much talk of renewal. But I really think that as long as the membership criteria are so weak and meaningless, it will just be more of the same old thing.

Freedom Endangered

G. WEIR HARTMAN, Pastor
St. Mark's United Methodist Church
Columbus, Ohio

As a new reader of *TOGETHER*, I want to commend you for bringing to your readers Robert L. Gildea's article on *Textbooks for Parochial Schools*

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"My folks are not Christian, and I am shy about reading the Bible and saying prayers at home. Thanks for the materials which you sent. They provide a way of getting religious materials to read . . ."

"What happens to young babies who die before they are baptized? . . ."

Comments and questions like these come regularly to Dr. R. W. Ricker, pastor of United Methodism's most elusive congregation—military personnel who have no local church to call their own. His congregation, which considers the Upper Room Chapel at the Board of Evangelism headquarters in Nashville, Tenn., their home church, is known officially as the General Military Membership Roll. The roll was ordered by the Methodist General Conference in 1964 to minister to the many persons in military service who make profession of faith in Jesus Christ on the battlefield or at a base chapel, and to those who move frequently.

Dr. Ricker, director of the Military Roll, maintains regular contact with 2,032 members in some 800 families. Names of servicemen are sent to him by chaplains and pastors. New members receive a United Methodist membership packet and a subscription to *The Upper Room* devotional guide. Dr. Ricker addresses a general pastoral letter to them from time to time and provides helpful reading materials each month. Each year a Christmas gift is sent.

Like any pastor Dr. Ricker tries

to answer the spiritual, theological, and personal questions that are addressed to him weekly from members all over the world. Mail order counseling has limitations, but he gives what guidance he can, always seeking to relate persons with questions and problems to a chaplain or local minister. When a member leaves the service, Dr. Ricker sends him a list of local churches in the town to which he is moving. He also writes and informs the churches.

The military membership roll cannot be used as a means of clearing a local-church roll of absentee members, Dr. Ricker insists. "We have no better way than does the local church to find lost members," he says.

The roll often frees local pastors in towns near military establishments to do an effective job with military personnel without having to keep them on the local rolls after their brief stay.

Dr. Ricker says the most discouraging problems in ministering effectively to this widely scattered membership are time and money. Since no funds have ever been authorized for this work, it is a matter of squeezing them from the general budget of the Board of Evangelism. Dr. Ricker also wishes that personal contact with his members were less difficult, although during his travels, he makes a special effort to contact members he has known previously only by correspondence.

A week seldom passes in which Dr. Ricker does not hear from some member of his wide-spaced congregation. Many letters deal with problems or raise questions, while others more simply express appreciation for the attention their pastor-by-correspondence has given them.

A recent letter from a Virginia housewife succinctly describes Dr. Ricker's work: "Your recent newsletters and correspondence . . . keep me close to my church while my husband is in the Army."

—CARL E. KEIGHTLEY

Dr. R. W. Ricker greets servicemen at Upper Room Chapel in Nashville. He knows most of the 2,032 members of his military congregation only by mail.



[November, 1968, page 10] which also appeared in *CHURCH AND HOME* [November, page 34]. It is encouraging to see such well-written articles setting forth the point of view which Mr. Gildea supports.

I note in your January issue two letters in opposition to Mr. Gildea's point of view. The points mentioned by Emerson S. Colaw [see *Stay in Viet Nam—With Aid*, January, page 73] are identical to points raised by a Jesuit priest in a letter to me trying to justify tax funds for parochial schools. Tax funds for parochial schools, an option in education (which already exists) and the slur against our public schools as "monolithic" are the exact points reiterated by Jesuits.

In the second letter [see 'Reactionary, Sectarian,' page 74], Associate Professor John Lawson of Candler School of Theology seems ill informed on history when he assumes that tax support for religious schools will save religion for America and preserve our spirituality. The very opposite is true. Compare the U.S. with the long tax-supported churches and schools in Europe. Nothing degrades the church more than to make it dependent on government support. Let's keep church and state separate and keep them both free.

I confess a grave concern when men of Mr. Lawson's viewpoint are in a position to influence our seminary students as they go out to serve our church as leaders. Freedom will not survive long in the U.S. when the governments put tax funds into religion and the teaching of sectarian doctrines.

1969 Calendar: 'Lovely'

MRS. F. R. MOORE
Forsyth, Mo.

Please allow me to congratulate you on the January issue of *TOGETHER*. The 1969 Calendar [pages 33-34] is simply lovely. I showed it to several of my friends.

Fight for Freedom of Worship

CHUCK MAYER
Dalton, Nebr.

I have read *Thou Shalt Not Kill—Revisited* by Charles C. Bray [January, page 16], and I would like to inform Mr. Bray that if things were to go as he suggested, he never would have the opportunity to write such an article.

We have in our nation today more crime, more lawlessness, and more evil than ever before. What has caused this? We have let down our law enforcement with liberal ideas. Our judges with liberal inclinations have defeated the purpose of law. Our politicians practice love (of money), and our churches have become too liberal.

Mr. Bray says that we should not

kill—in Viet Nam or in the state death house. I would like to see him say that if the Communists were to take over. They would kill him to shut him up. As long as we have those who are anti-Christ, we must fight for freedom of worship. Unknown to Mr. Bray, apparently, is the fact that this is the first thing we will lose when we refuse to stand up and fight for rights, and kill we must!

He says that we must not kill the criminal. I hope when a killer stalks him to take his life, knowing there will be no punishment, he will still be able to say, "Do not kill."

True, if everyone lived a life in Christ, there would be no killing. But the sad fact is that not everyone believes or lives as Christ taught.

Even our liberal churches no longer believe or teach Christ. They are afraid that if they say, "You are a sinner and must be saved by grace," they will no longer have a crowd.

We Get What We Ask For

IRA W. DAVIS, Age 97
Parkersburg, W.Va.

The article *Thou Shalt Not Kill—Revisited* attracted my attention. I think we all know what it means, but seemingly, we are afraid to tell it to the world. Our country now is fighting an almost endless war. Why are we doing it? All these killings over the world are giving us just what we are asking for. All this unrest we are seeing—is it not hinged on the same cause? Keep this up and we will have a change of parties every four years. Keep killing our young men in continued war and it will come back to us with a double finish.

How easy it would be—and yet so hard—to set up a United Nations organization that would be a lifesaver. Every country of the world would get an equal share of this blessing. Should some nation want to ride over some other country, the UN could, in many ways without shooting, draw this nation into line.

Do you think, if the church would advocate this, it would be discarded?

God Was Left Out

JOHN C. STEIN
Hastings, Nebr.

I do not understand why you would publish an article like the one by Robert E. Eaton in your January issue, *If Your Child Says 'I'll Do as I Please'* [page 24].

Nowhere in the entire article did I find anything mentioned about God. I don't think anything was left out on how to deal with young people except relying on help from the Almighty.

I think God is the source of all help and is willing and able to stand by

parents to help with this difficult problem. God has made it possible to bring children into the world, and I don't think for one minute that he would say to parents when children are born, "You are on your own now." If parents will put one hand into the hands of God, he will see to it that the child will grow up to be a credit to his parents and to their God. We have a great God, and I know he is big enough to do it.

'Notebook' Appreciated

RAYMOND M. VEH, Retired Editor
Evangelical United Brethren Youth
Publications
Thiensville, Wis.

Permit me to express appreciation for Willmon L. White's *Appalachian Notebook* [January, page 65]. The observations he registered are pertinent, and the information he presented is needed by our church constituency to appreciate the problems and opportunities of the region.

Three times it has been my privilege to lead Religious Emphasis Weeks at our Red Bird Settlement School in Beverly, Ky. Then in the publication *Builders*, which I edited, in the past several years were carried articles on Heart and Hand House, Philippi, W.Va., its work and outreach. Thus, I could very well have sensitivity to the material Mr. White so ably penned.

Combined Efforts Essential

STEWART K. WRIGHT
Resource Development Specialist
New York State Co-operative
Extension
Norwich, N.Y.

I was extremely interested in reading Willmon L. White's *Appalachian Notebook* in the January issue. I am assigned to work with the Appalachian Program in four New York counties and am also a Sunday-school teacher in First United Methodist Church of Oneonta, N.Y.

I have been extremely busy working with the Appalachian Program relative to industrial development, educational development, utilizing vocational-education schools, development of community colleges and other facilities. To tell the truth, I was rather surprised to learn that the church has become so much involved in the Appalachia effort. It seems to me that what has been done, both publicly and privately, has been a rather piecemeal effort. As Mr. White mentioned in the last paragraph of his article, private and public efforts must be combined to make some semblance of impact on the problems of this part of the country.

I would be interested in discussing with church people here how they might contribute to this kind of effort.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Even though our part of Appalachia is nowhere near as bad off as the areas farther south, I feel that a combined effort, utilizing public schools, state and federal governments, churches, and other private institutions is essential to any long-range improvements to help low-income rural residents.

Candles Burn in East, Too

CARL SOULE, Executive Secretary
Division of Peace and World Order
United Methodist Board of
Christian Social Concerns
New York, N.Y.

In your December article *Christmas Around the World*, I noticed on page 33 a beautiful picture of two Christmas candles near the wall in Berlin. My feeling is that this is a perpetuation of the spirit of the cold war and that it confirms what so many people believe about Christmas candles in the West but not in the East. We have many thriving United Methodist congregations in East Germany, and there are candles in their homes and churches at Christmastime as well as in West Germany.

Alcoholism: Self-inflicted

MRS. FRANK TOWNSEND
Kirwin, Kans.

I enjoyed the December issue and always read *Letters* first. I would like to tell the lady whose name was withheld [see *Alcoholic Unable to Choose*, page 71] that if alcoholism is a disease, it is self-inflicted. If one drinks alcohol, it being a drug and poison, you take the chance of becoming an alcoholic, but if you do not drink it, you will not. So the solution to the moral problem is to leave it alone.

I agree with her that the public needs to be educated to be more aware of the cause of alcoholism and to the danger involved in taking the first drink. We, the public, are just sitting back and letting the big producers of alcoholic drinks take over on the television and all the advertising media. It is time we woke up and did something about it.

Boycott Support Unchristian

MRS. ALDIS DUNTON
Riceville, Iowa

Your December, 1968, issue reports: "The National Council of Churches has voted to engage in an economic boycott against the growers of California table grapes and support the demands of striking farm workers there." [See *California Grape Boycott Gets NCC Backing*, page 8.]

The NCC has been sadly misinformed. These are the facts, from the Iowa Farm Bureau Spokesman of December 14, 1968:

"The real issue involved in the pro-

posed boycott is not unionization of table grape farm workers or wages, but compulsory unionism. The boycott was started by a labor union-sponsored group in an attempt to force growers to require their workers to belong to this group."

The article goes on to explain that the AFL-CIO Union has tried for three years to get grape workers to join their union and only a small percentage have joined. So now they are trying a nationwide boycott to force the growers to insist that their workers join. Actually there is no strike among the workers, and at least three organizations of workers are opposing the AFL-CIO group's efforts. Most of the grape workers earn more (some from \$2 to \$3 an hour) because of piece rates than they would under the \$1.65 an hour minimum wage in California.

Now the Iowa Council of Churches is following the action taken by the National Council. Kenneth Thatcher, Iowa Farm Bureau secretary, called the boycott "a very dangerous thing" and urged the state's county Farm Bureau leaders to oppose the church councils' efforts.

I think this action by the Iowa and National Councils of Churches is unchristian.

A Rendezvous With Life

ELEANOR KLINE HEATH
Indianapolis, Ind.

Very belatedly, I would like to add my contribution to the controversy which was started in your *Letters* columns by the poem by Thelma L. Beach, *My Mother's Death* [July, 1968, page 56]. I agree with the sentiments Mrs. Beach expressed.

Here, with apologies to Alan Seeger (American poet, 1888-1916, who wrote *I Have a Rendezvous With Death*), are my sentiments on the subject:

MY RENDEZVOUS
I have a rendezvous with Life!
'Tis Life, not Death, I will embrace . . .
No fear have I; no dread of the
"unknown"—
With eager heart I wait, as for a tryst
with One I love and trust . . .
And yearning thus, I find the gift of Life
in each new day that comes.
Joy floods my soul. I hear the voice of
God:
"Death is a sleep—then Life that
dawns."

This isn't particularly profound theology—but it is very real to me. And I am not an old lady waiting for death as an escape from reality. I was about 35 or so when I wrote this in rebuttal to *I Have a Rendezvous With Death* which always has been held up as some sort of heroic attitude toward that inescapable fate we all must meet. To me, each new day is a new gift of life, and, to the Christian, death is but another kind of night before a new day.



O, God,

as we hear in the sounds of our world the creative music of the spheres: the thunder of the sea, the silence of the plains, the tumult of the storm, the haunting melody of the bird in the night—we would reach out beyond ourselves to express to thee the glory that shines in our hearts and illuminates our minds and makes us children of God.

Help us to see new things, to hear new things, to find thy hand in all about—that we may be conscious that we are not creators of the earth but inhabitants; not the originators of life but trustees.

Amen.

— Robert J. Gisler



A TRIBUTE TO ALASKA

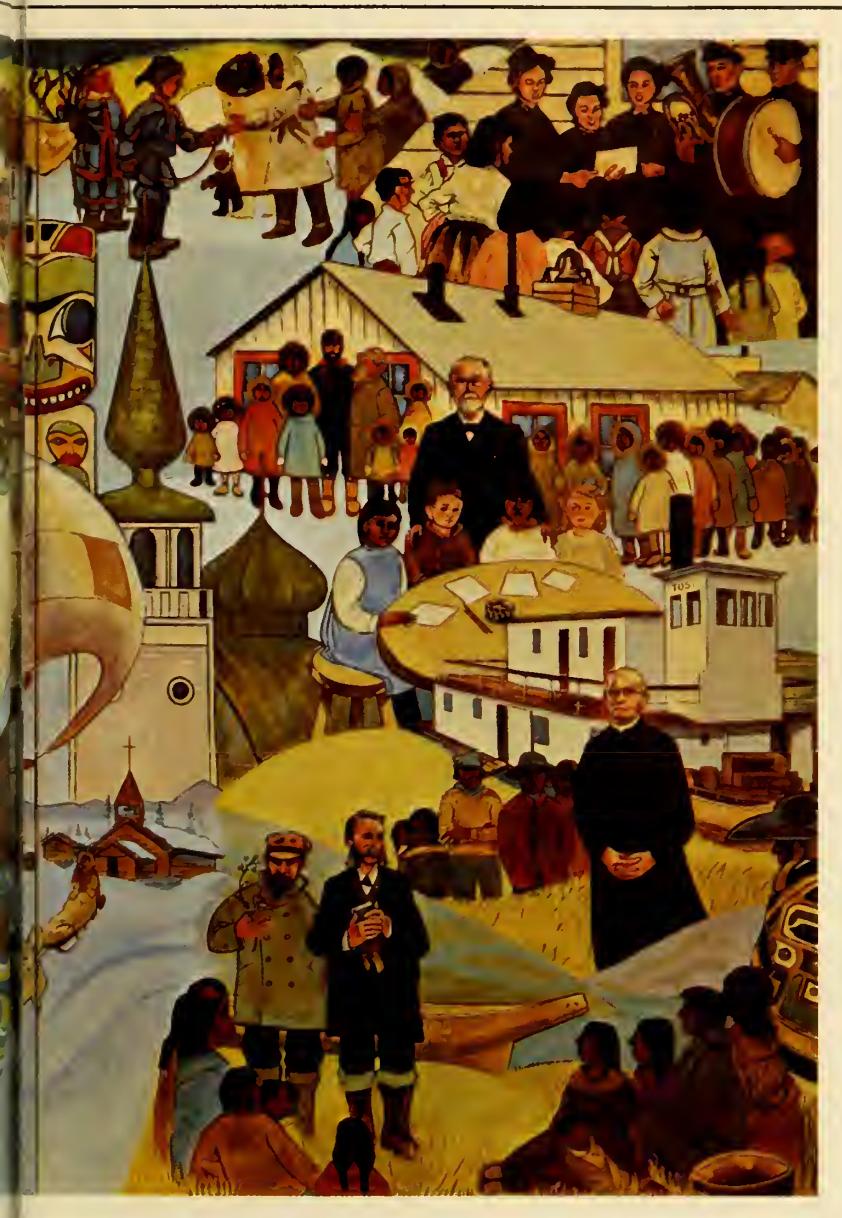
UNBELIEVABLY BIG, bountiful Alaska has always lured the trapper, miner, fisherman, explorer, hunter, and homesteader. Yet no group in Alaskan history looms larger in importance than the Christian missionaries who also brought raw courage, resourcefulness, and tireless dedication to the new land—plus an unselfish interest in people and in the destiny of that vast territory itself.

By dog team, packtrain, sailing ship, river steamer, and on foot, missionaries of many denominations journeyed to all corners of that far land. They did not come for adventure, gain, or greed, but to build churches,

schools, hospitals, homes for children, and community centers—stitutions and ways of life that would provide a firm foundation for Alaska's eventual statehood.

The influence of the Russian Orthodox Church, present since about 1790, began to wane after Alaska became U.S. territory in 1867. Then missionaries from other denominations arrived to fill the spiritual vacuum that seems always to exist on a wilderness frontier.

In 1967, as Alaska prepared to celebrate its centennial, a mural was proposed as a tribute to the pioneer missionaries who had such a profound influence in shaping the state. The idea was suggested by the Rev.



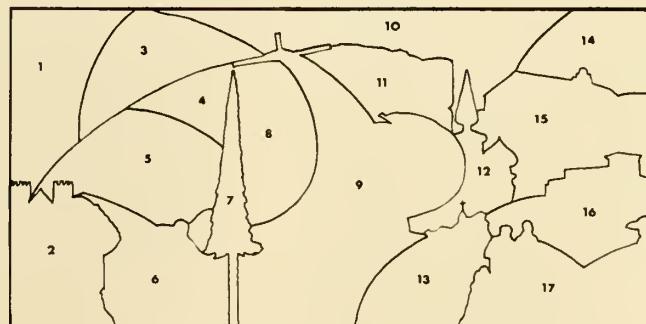
MISSIONARIES

Walter Hays, executive director of Christian education for the Alaska Mission of The United Methodist Church, and president of the Alaska Council of Churches. The 6-foot by 12-foot painting, on exhibit at various times throughout the state, is the work of Rie Muñoz, a well-known Alaska artist. It is based largely on the book *Cry in the Wilderness* by Tay Thomas, wife of state Senator Lowell Thomas, Jr., and was commissioned by Mayor and Mrs. Elmer Rasmussen of Anchorage. It covers almost 180 years of Christian missionary effort in Alaska, beginning with Russian Orthodox priests and continuing with work by Protestants and Catholics.

—HERMAN B. TEETER

What the mural shows: (1) Mrs. Agnes Newhall, early Methodist missionary, reads the Bible to orphans at Alaska's Jesse Lee Home. (2) William Duncan, Anglican, who spent 60 years among the Indians. (3) Dr. Joseph Romig, Moravian medical missionary. (4) Tillie Paul translates the Bible into the Tlingit tongue. (5) Episcopal Bishop Peter Rowe worked with both the natives and the gold seekers. (6) Jennie Rasmussen, Swedish Covenant missionary, arrives at Yakutat. (7) The spruce tree symbolizes Spruce Island, home of the saintly, eccentric, Russian Orthodox Father Herman. (8) Episcopal Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, the first man to conquer Mount McKinley.

(9) Archbishop Veniaminof, who did more than any other to build the Russian Orthodox Church in Alaska. (10) Missionaries bring reindeer among the starving Eskimos. (11) Catholic nuns nurse the sick in hospitals, and (12) Orthodox steeples still rise in coastal villages. (13) The Rev. Tollef Brevig, Norwegian Lutheran missionary, who traveled by dog team. (14) Present as always where needed—the Salvation Army. (15) Sheldon Jackson, Presbyterian, father of Alaska's early school system. (16) Bishop Crimont and other Catholic missionaries used small steamboats to reach the people while S. Hall Young (17), early Presbyterian missionary frequently traveled by canoe. (He is shown with the renowned naturalist, John Muir, who sometimes went along.)





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Jersey Money, Manpower Needed in Biafra

Church Channels Offered

Dr. J. Harry Haines, director of the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, meeting with denominational officials in Philadelphia recently, urged an area set-up, with local-church gifts going to UMCOR, thence directly—without promotional deductions—to Biafra.

UMCOR participates, with other churches, in the only government-approved program.

A Service of Lights

TANE's editor asked a resident of the Methodist Home in Ocean Grove how Christmas is observed there—aside from the merriment of visits from friends and the receiving of gifts from churches. What follows is her description of worship, with all names—including her own—omitted.

Subdued lights and the throbbing notes of an organ prelude hushed the residents that night. They had gathered to watch their annual Service of Lights at sundown—a truly spiritual experience.

From the Call to Worship by the general director, eyes and hearts followed the counselors, bearers of the Light, approaching the seven-branched candelabra on the altar. It burst into a warm glow before the single Christ Candle.

They turned next to light the candle held by each resident, thus diffusing the sense of the Divine Presence in their midst.

A reader invited all to "Walk in the Light"—so as better to know their Lord.

The climax of the service occurred when the superintendent pulled aside the curtains to reveal the lighted stained-glass windows of the sanctuary, banked high with countless poinsettias.

It was truly a "joy to the world!"

—A RESIDENT

AN INVITATION

Pastors, church or membership secretaries or other officials are invited to send names representing at least 50 years membership in the same church (or one merged into it) to this *TOGETHER Area News Edition*.

Those with greatest "seniority"—as many as space permits—will be honored in the May issue. Send names, with year of joining, to the Rev. Paul N. Jewett, 26-28 Main St., Kingston, N.J. 08528, by March 1.



Every Day Is MOTHER'S DAY In Biafra

March-ing Orders

South Jersey organizers of the Fund for Reconciliation have utilized the February 17 district meetings to remind 100,000 United Methodists of a clear need for unity of spirit and harmony of plans as they appeal for at least \$225,000 over the next 10 months.

Pastors and church officials already have made their own private commitments to the Fund for Reconciliation, before going to anybody else.

Early March is devoted to explaining fully the program, and seeking support from official or administrative boards.

March 23 is Fund for Reconciliation Day throughout the SNJ Conference.

* * *

For United Methodist women in the Northeast Jurisdiction, March 21 to 23 marks the centennial of the founding of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at Tremont Street Church in Boston.

A special drama is included in the two-day program in the Sheraton Hotel.

Volunteer Service Asked

The United Methodist Church in New Jersey and adjacent New York and Pennsylvania communities, is being mobilized in support of the Biafran Relief Program.

While funds are beginning to get through to breakaway Biafra, a small section of Nigeria in fear of extinction, thousands are dying every week. Many victims are children who, even if they live, may never regain physical or mental health.

Doctors, nurses, dietitians, social workers, and supply and transportation experts are asked to volunteer for short terms of service in the war-ravaged and famine-ridden land. Volunteers, having received orientation training by the Board of Missions, will get "minimum support and as much protection as we can give."

U.S. Now Helping

The U.S. government has been reluctant to become directly involved, due to international considerations, but has been moved, in part by humanitarian outcry, to encourage the relief program, recognizing efforts of Catholic and Protestant agencies, and the Red Cross.

Five huge C-47 cargo planes, priced at \$1 million each, have been sold for \$3,000 apiece, with repurchase options, to Nord-church Airlines, chartered by Christians in the U.S., Finland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. Sailing vessels are also used.

Film Showing Urged

Area churches may be informed of Biafran need through the use of a 16mm black and white sound film, *The Biafran Tragedy*. (This is NOT recommended for viewing by children.) Prints of the film are available in both conference offices, in Madison and Cherry Hill. In the SNJ Conference, at least, personal pick-up and return of the film is required.

Service volunteers have been asked to contact one of the missions executives: Dr. Franklin T. Buck, P. O. Box 300, Cherry Hill; or Dr. Harry W. Goodrich, 1 Campus Drive, Madison.

Other members of the area Committee on Biafra, named by Bishop Taylor, are: The Rev. R. E. Acheson, the Rev. George Watt, Jr., Dr. David Fluck, Dr. Clair Black, the Rev. Mrs. M. Lundgren, Mrs. Herbert E. Howe, Sr., the Rev. Jay K. Helms, the Rev. David A. Wilson, Jr., and Mrs. Grace Lacy.

It's 'Buck Hill Fever'—and They Love It!



Mr. Outen



Mr. Badeau



Bishop Mathews



Bishop Taylor

About this time every year an odd malady afflicts NJ Methodists—both lay and clergy. When they close their eyes they seem to see fawn-brown streaks skittering across a dazzling white panorama. Pungent odors—as of apples—assail them. There's a persistent buzzing in the ears—strangely like the sound of a political "bull session."

Oldtimers know the signs. They call it "Buck Hill Fever"—faster, cheaper, and a lot more fun than the Hong Kong Flu. In a couple of days or so it's gone—along with at least \$40—and one can settle down to finish out the winter. He can even do a better job for his church than if he had stayed well.

This year it hit the preachers first. It reached its peak about February 4 to 6, while more than 300 of them were at The

Inn, Buck Hill Falls, Pa. They called it a Convocation on the Christian Ministry, but lots of simple troubles have high-sounding titles.

A team of doctors did what they could for them. Philadelphia pastor, the Rev. George H. Outen talked to them about the preaching. A wise man from the Middle East, John S. Badeau, cautioned them not to get caught between Jews and Arabs. Boston Bishop James K. Mathews checked their ecumenics. Their own family physician, Dr. Prince A. Taylor, Jr., was reluctant to prescribe, but willing to advise.

They quieted down some when singing with pianist James C. Rupert, but got quite excited by Lester Berenbroick's Drew Chorus.

They're probably fully recovered now.

Laymen Are Next

Buck Hill Fever being so contagious, men and women all over eight or nine conferences are reported to be showing the signs of it, with the peak expected during the Middle Atlantic Adult Convocation, March 13 to 16.

Their doctors are called a "Traica Team" for *Ministries in Times of Crisis*: Dr. Wilmer Bell from Maryland; Dr. Walter Hazzard from Philadelphia; and Dr. Ulysses S. Estelow, Jr., World Council delegate. Practically everybody is invited but they'd better be sick \$51.20 worth!



Many are cold, but few are frozen. Jitneys will soon take them to The Inn. (Below)



REDUCED FOR CLEARANCE

Weeks after Halloween, Good Shepherd in Bergenfield was imploring some kiddies who went out UNICEFing to bring back their collection cartons.

For families to study BEFORE times of sorrow and stress Leonia offers parishioners a pointed pamphlet on the funeral as a mixture of Christian elements and pagan Egyptian customs.

Anxious not to disturb a wedding in the Titusville Church next door, thoughtful neighbors asked fire laddies to be quiet while coming to put out a blaze in their house.

In Clarksboro, SNJ, Zion (former EUB) church graciously took the name Evangelical, because the former Methodist church was also named Zion.

Those were live shepherds at Morrow Memorial, Maplewood's outdoors creche. MYFers manned the display for two hours each of three nights before Christmas, loaded to the muffle with hot chocolate anti-freeze.

A group of fourth to sixth grade girls specializing in Bible study, recreation, crafts and service projects at Bergen Highlands calls itself the Mod Squad.

Towaco, NJ, about 45 minutes away from Times Square, wasn't far enough from "the madding crowd," invited families to join in a New Year's service-celebration way up in the woods—at Camp Aldersgate.

Relay editor Bob Beyer told St. Andrew's—Cherry Hillers a dollar to UMCOR would send 300 pounds of food overseas—18 times what CARE could do! They believed him—56 tons worth for Biafra—saved from their Christmas card money.

Ever since General Conference United Methodist Church, Jersey City (merger of Emory and Simpson-Grace), has been scratching around for a new name. Ballots are counted and as of January 1 it became official: Christ Church.



Three of the 40-member Drew College Choir that sang for the Clergy Convocation.

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

Trenton Methodism: Are We Timely—or Too Late?

Following last month's feature on Newark, editor Paul Jewett continues a series on the cities of N.J. to contribute to the urban programs in both conferences and to support the Fund for Reconciliation.

History and industry combine to make Trenton one of the most interesting cities in this corner of the country.

The first settlers came from Burlington—some 15 miles south—in 1680. By 1714 landowner Col. William Trent was happy to have the settlement called Trent's Town.

During the Revolution, British soldiers and German mercenaries overran the town, taking over the churches, including the Methodist chapel. The legislature fled to Haddonfield and a few miles north, Princeton College cancelled classes in Nassau Hall, a hotbed of colonial dissent.

On Christmas night of 1776, Gen. George Washington led his troops across the Delaware through floating ice to just north of Trenton, then attacked the celebrating enemy, killing or wounding more than 100 and capturing 900 prisoners.

Business and salesmen long have approved the capital's trademark: "Trenton Makes—the World Takes." Industry has been at home in the city which once had six rolling mills and 58 furnaces. Its Roebling Cable built the Brooklyn Bridge. Its Lenox China has been used in the White House since 1918. Plastics, rubber goods, metal products, electrical machinery, stone, clay, glass, and chemicals are



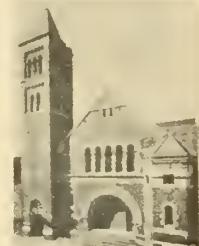
The State House symbolizes the State, rich in resource and history, "up-tight" against indignity and indifference.

mittee chairman, John Ewing, population is down 25,000 in 18 years—to 103,000, of which 40,000 are Negroes and 6,000 are Spanish-speaking.

Methodist evangelist, George Whitefield, preached in "Trent's Town" around 1739. Capt. Thos. Webb and Richard Boardman inspired listeners in a "preaching house" which had been constructed in 1768. First Church—then called Greene Street—numbered among its trustees, incorporated in 1772, John Fitch, inventor of the Cler-

mont steamboat. Bishop Francis Asbury laid the cornerstone, April 22, 1773. A pewter communion set he gave the congregation was among relics saved when fire destroyed the interior of the third structure in 1956.

Third oldest United Methodist church in the country, in the heart of Trenton, with 786 members and excellent facilities, First Church is in a unique position to provide leadership in our enlarged mission to the city.



First Church



Dr. Hawk



Mr. Arnold

District Superintendent L. Burdelle Hawk is guiding discussion of the form such mission should take.

Asbury's pastor, the Rev. Frederick Arnold, has served the longest pastorate—10 years—and earned the respect of civic leaders of all races.

Churches, dates of founding and present membership which may be devoted to the task of Methodism in Trenton are:

1846—Trinity (470) following merger with State Street, recently has built across from Trenton State College.

1848—Cadwalader Heights (406) began with an "assist" from Greene Street, called itself Warren Street until 1912.

1851—Wesley (164) was another mission out of Greene Street, and known as Union Street.

1869—Broad Street (219) enjoyed
(Continued on page A-4)



"Children of the world, unite!" And whatever their language, they do, as in this class at Hamilton Ave., taught by Elpedia Martinez (Sra. Augustin) from Colombia. They should be teaching US.



John Fitch Way III, a \$25 million low and middle income, high-rise, garden apt. and town house development along the Delaware, may replace demolished slums and halt Trenton's population loss. First Church, along with AME, Baptist, Catholic, Jewish, Presbyterian and labor groups, is in sponsoring non-profit Kingsbury Corp. to build it.

NEWSMAKERS: WINTER '69



Michael DeMauro

New Jersey State Assemblyman Chester Apy led Red Bank adults in a discussion of "A Theology of Government," asking, "What rights belong to a man simply because he is a man?"

Scouting's highest award, the America Honor Medal, has been voted by the National Court to Michael DeMauro, member of Troop 88, sponsored by Princeton Church, for rescuing five persons from heavy surf. Gov. Richard J. Hughes also has given him the Carnegie Hero Medal.

Pulitzer Prize author and Episcopal priest, Dr. Nathan Wright, was speaker at Plainfield First Church on "The Mobilization of Church and Synagogue to Build the City."

Trinity, Pennsville, collegian Winnie Peterson represented Pikeville College at a journalism confab in New York.

Miss Tina Favinger, a senior at Methodist Hospital School of Nursing, Philadelphia, represented her institution at the annual Methodist Student Nurse Contest in New Orleans. She is a native of Pottstown, Pa.

Organist-director at Grace Church, Wyckoff, Walter Schroeder, is also conductor of the Northern New Jersey Philharmonic Society.

Among NJ youth in the Peace Corps are Alan D. Barone in India (home church: Verona), and George Ritz, Jr., in Chile (home church: Trinity in Newark).

For the first time Methodist clergy have been welcomed in some Roman Catholic pulpits during this year's Ecumenical Week of Prayer. Among those of whom TANE learned were: John Kirby, Jr., Harry Pine, and George H. Murphey, of SNJ, and M. S. Torgersen of NNJ.

An informal organization of individuals interested in financial support of the World Council of Churches did not have to look far to find a successor to chairman Charles P. Taft. Having honored Dr. Charles C. Parlin for services to world ecumenism, including a term as one of the Council's six presidents, they elected him new chairman of the Friends of the World Council of Churches.

At Rider College, vice-president of the freshman class is a Bergenfield, NNJ, miss, Gail Sorensen.

Leader of WSCS Day Apart services in South Jersey at Marlton and Tom's River was nursing director-mother-and ordained Glendale supply pastor Mrs. Miriam Lundgren.

At Little Falls, to benefit Church World Service, "the stamp lady" Katherine W. Greh, has received, processed, and sold an average of \$9,000 in stamps per year for the past six years!

TRENTON

(Continued from page A-3)



That's LAW in the background—the Capitol dome. Why not LOVE in the foreground?

vigorous growth, enlarged building twice.

1872—Hamilton Avenue (148) provides Spanish-speaking Methodists a separate worship room downstairs, and Sunday school rooms.

1873—Pearson Memorial (815) was called, in 1857, Mary's Chapel, and later Pearsonville, is numerically largest in city.

1890—St. Paul (527) was born in a carpentry shop at 160 Passaic St. Now is at W. State and Fisher.

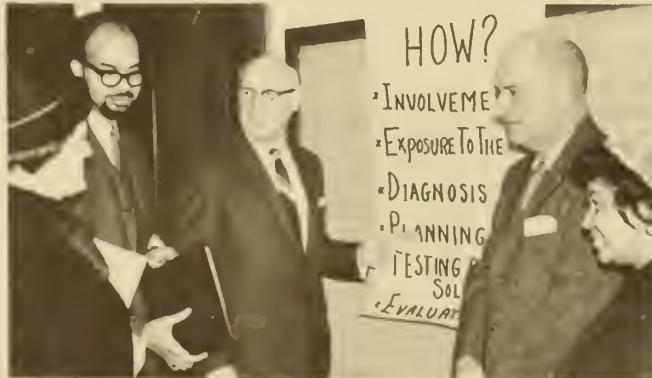
1893—Broad Street Park (391) has enjoyed recent renovations.

1904—Chambers (179) was organized by Broad Street members in 1893. It is currently linked with Greenwood Avenue.

1908—Greenwood Avenue (454) began in Cook Public School, then set up a tent, then used a portable chapel. Rugged justice of its first—and most famous—pastor, Frederick Brown Harris, continues in its integration efforts.

1925—Asbury (364) as a Delaware Conference mission sought to buy abandoned Methodist properties, finally built on Fountain Avenue.

THE QUESTION: HOW?



At planning session for Greater Newark Urban Consultation January 10-18, Mrs. R. Rushworth, l., checks procedure with, l. to r.: the Rev. Ralph Stephens; Supt. L. H. Richards; Frank Bussey; and Mrs. Vernon Williams. More than 300 signed up from two counties.

THE QUESTION: WHEN?



Waiting to be "shot" at BERGEN RECORD photo lab (and it wasn't St. Valentine's Day) are United Methodist Men's Club of Ridgefield Park, N.J. Member Bob Brush is paper's assistant chief photographer. His talent makes church bulletins really different!

